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Beauty and the Beast

Ancient Myths Interpreted by Edmund Dulac

THE HIPPOGRIFF—

THE FAIREST of her sex, Angelica, had been tied to the rock by islanders off the Irish coast, because an oracle told them that only with a virgin could they appease the anger of the terrible Orc, a sea monster which was coming to devour them all. Rogero, who happened to be flying by on his marvelous Hippogriff, saw the unhappy princess and came down just as a great roar announced the Orc's coming.

Seeing the shadow of the Hippogriff's wings, the Orc has just turned to fight the intruder. Rogero is about to plunge his lance into the thrashing sea beast whose huge paw already reaches for Angelica. But only with his magic buckler will brave Rogero destroy the animal, for its scales are impenetrable. This fable has come down through "Orlando Furioso," by the brilliant 15th Century Italian, Ariosto.

Why The Home-Loving Bufo Marinus Can't Help U.S. Farmers

SOME months ago an article about the plumpish and hungry Bufo Marinus was published in The American Weekly. This member of the toad family is a native of Central America and attracted the attention of scientists waging war on insect pests because of its liking for bugs. The Bufo Marinus just can't seem to get enough beetles, slugs, caterpillars and other creatures that cost farmers millions of dollars every year. After a thorough checkup of the toad, he seemed to be a harmless fellow who never would become a pest himself.

The scientists had a vision of the Bufo Marinus being brought to the United States, bred in great numbers and jet loose in the fields, orchards and woodlots to rid these areas of some of the nuisances which infest them. But first they wanted to put the toad through a series of trials to see just how he would behave under certain conditions. One hundred and forty-eight of the "critters" were taken to the Hawaiian Islands where, it was hoped, they would help rid the cane fields of pests that were costing the sugar companies a lot of money every year.

The toads, and their offspring, were put to work under the expert eye of C. E. Pemberton, entomologist for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association. The imported pest eaters were raised at an experiment station in Honolulu and, when they were big enough, put out in the fields to gobble up the cane bugs.

They did a good job and, last year, more than a million of the warty fellows were raised in the islands. Many of them wandered out of the fields into the roads and were killed by motorists. The Bufo is good at grabbing off insects and other pests, but not too good at getting his bulky body out of the way when danger approaches.



Mr. and Mrs. Bufo Marinus (on the Table) in a Tete-a-Tete With C. E. Pemberton, Entomologist of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, Who Received Too Much Mail About the Famous Bufo.

Just to Show What Kind of a Fellow Bufo Is, You Can Note His Size by Comparing It With the Human Hand. Bufo Just Won't Work Outside the Tropics.

The good news about the toad and how it was helping rid the cane fields of pests spread all over the world and especially to the United States. Mr. Pemberton received hundreds of letters—many of them from people who had read about the Bufo Marinus in the pages of The American Weekly. These communications were from farmers, instructors in colleges and universities, from students in agricultural colleges and home owners who asked him to send them pairs of the toads which they could breed and put to work destroying insect pests here.

Mr. Pemberton wasn't able to comply with these requests because, it seems, the Bufo Marinus is very much of a homebody who doesn't have much appetite when he is moved away from the sort of climate and scenery he likes best.

Many times attempts have been made to sic Bufo on the flying, crawling and creeping things that feed on crops in this country. But nothing much has happened, because the toad—used to the sweltering climate of the tropics—just doesn't feel like eating and working anywhere else. Even in the Southern States he proved a lazy soldier in the endless war against pests.

Not long ago Mr. Pemberton, commenting on the many letters he had received, said: "It is too bad that we can't supply enough of Bufo's kind to wipe out all the pests that have been mentioned in the letters that have come to us. But Bufo just isn't a rover. He likes the climate here—and we are grateful for that—and in his native Central America, but he just won't do what's expected of him further north. All we can do, it seems, is to see to it that he gets a happy home here and does his part to give us better harvests of sugar cane."

The creature that might be of immense help to American farmers, if he only liked the climate in the northern half of the Western Hemisphere grows more than six inches long and about as wide. His appetite more than matches his size. So does his voice.

The booming croak is the only thing people in the Hawaiian islands don't like about the Bufo, and the scientists who are breeding him and setting him loose in the cane fields have worked out a way to handle that. Only the male of the species has a voice and he has to soak his legs in a puddle of water in order to sing. Planters were told to put fences around the pools and water holes on their farms. Once they had done this the nerve-wracking bass "symphony" of Bufo Marinus was greatly reduced in volume.

There is, of course, no way of estimating accurately how many millions of bugs the toads have gobbled up in their new home out in the Mid-Pacific. But the sugar planters have noticed a difference in their cane fields and they give much of the credit for the improvement to the pop-eyed hopper with the big appetite.

Like most of his relatives the Bufo Marinus has a lightning fast tongue with which he snaps up the pests that fly and crawl. He's a tough fellow, too, and recently demonstrated that he has no fear of the dreaded Black Widow spider. In an experiment one of the toads was put in an enclosure with two of the spiders and killed and ate both insects, without the slightest ill effect.

Now, the Anthracite Queen

THIS country, the biggest democracy in the world, crowns hundreds of queens every year. Every day is coronation day somewhere within its borders. In the Spring more than a dozen States install blossom queens. In the Summer scores of resorts have a lot of fun and get a great deal of publicity by picking the royalty of comely faces and comely physiques. They crown girls with the whitest teeth and the brownest bodies. In the Autumn the country breaks out with an army of harvest queens and when Winter comes the northern States select snow queens and the South gets into the game with bathing beauties who swim and take sun baths while their sisters further north parade on snowshoes and skis.

But none of these democratic queens ever wore a more unusual nor more becoming royal gown than the smiling young woman shown in the photograph below. Her name is Ruth Neuman. She is 13 years old, lives in Wyoming, Pennsylvania, and recently made a big hit in Scranton and Pittston as the Anthracite Queen.

Little Miss Neuman's outfit is fashioned entirely of Pennsylvania anthracite. More than 1,900 small pieces of the gleaming, jet-black material went into the gown, the crown, necklace, bracelet and earrings. Even a ring worn on one of her fingers was made of the same combustible material.

The subjects of the pretty little queen observed that her royal ensemble contained coal in the standard sizes—buckwheat, chestnut and pea. But they had no idea how much labor went into the glistening costume. Every one of the 1,900 pieces had to be pierced and then sewn to a cloth foundation. The get-up was, of course, much heavier than most of the dresses worn by American royalty, but the Anthracite Queen carried it off with grace and, as a sort of regal scepter, carried a miner's lantern of the most modern type.

Folks in Wyoming say that the youthful coal queen is a talented girl who dances well and shows unusual promise as a pianist.



Miss Ruth Neuman, of Wyoming, Pa., in Her Costume of Anthracite. Gown, Crown, Necklace, Bracelet, Ear and Finger Rings—All Are Made of Coal.

Decorated as "Most Sensible Girl"



Genevieve Painter, Iowa Farm Girl, Who Recently Was Decorated for Being the "Most Sensible Girl" in the State, a New Sort of Distinction. She Runs a Farm of 120 Acres.

IF the good people of Winterset, Iowa, know a smart girl when they see one, then 17-year-old Genevieve Painter deserves the title of "Most Sensible Girl" which recently was bestowed upon her.

This good-looking young woman finds time, while attending high school and learning to play the violin, to do much of the work on her father's 120-acre farm. Some time ago Mr. Painter underwent an operation which made it impossible for him to carry on the work of the place. His three sons were married and living away from home—so Genevieve took charge.

She gets up at the break of day, milks seven cows, feeds the chickens, does a lot of other barn chores and helps her mother get breakfast. Then she swaps her overalls for a dress, saddles a horse and gallops six miles to school. When she gets home at night she hustles back on the job and works until long after dark.

Even the men around Winterset admit that the girl can plow, harrow and plant as well as they can. With her father's knowledge of the soil to help her, she has learned how to handle all sorts of farm machinery, including a tractor and a mowing machine.

What's more, Genevieve is remarkably strong for a girl and can lift and pull in a way that would put many a boy of her age to shame. On Saturdays and holidays, when she doesn't have to go to school, she puts in a 10-hour or 12-hour day and doesn't feel at all sorry for herself.

"Perhaps I'm silly about it," she says, "but I'm one of those people who feels better with a lot of things to do. I'd be bored to death if I couldn't keep busy, and besides we can't let the farm go to pieces just because my father had hard luck. I like farming and I want to learn all I can about it."

Are They the World's Strangest Married Couple?

MR. AND MRS. AL TOMAINI—the couple shown in the photograph at the right of the page—think they are the strangest married couple on earth, and no one who has seen them together has the slightest doubt that the title they claim is all theirs.

Mr. Tomaini, as can be seen, is a human giant. He stands more than eight feet, four inches, in his socks—which usually are covered with a pair of size 27 shoes—and his wife is known all over the country as the "legless acrobat." Her maiden name was Jeanie Weeks and she met her elongated spouse when they both joined a small traveling show.

In this outfit Al always managed to be around when the legless young woman, who was born that way, put on her act. He seemed fascinated by her acrobatic antics. She walked on her hands, turned back flips and did tumbling tricks impossible to an athlete with the normal equipment of arms and legs.

At first the young woman thought that the giant was interested only in her professional performance. But she soon learned that he thought her a beautiful and charming young woman. And the feeling he had for her was reciprocated. Between shows they spent a lot of time together and, as Tomaini himself says, "fell head over heels in love."

The giant left the show to take a better job with the Great Lakes Exposition and the legless girl got so lonesome that she quit the outfit and went to Cleveland, too. There they decided there was nothing for it but to be married.

When their intentions became known they were urged to be married on the Exposition grounds. They refused. "Not on your life," said Tomaini, "this is no publicity stunt. This is the real thing and we're going to have a private ceremony."

The strange couple had to do their marrying between shows and just about had time to get to Ripley, New York, and back. George Bennett, the justice of the peace who married them in the early hours of the morning, still isn't sure that he wasn't "seeing things."

Not long ago, when the Tomainis were visiting the husband's mother in Long Branch, New Jersey, the giant and the legless young woman said that they expect to work out some sort of act which they can do together.

Mrs. Tomaini demonstrated that she is a capable housewife, able to cook, make beds and do everything that physically normal women can do.

The Tomainis told well-wishers that they are the happiest couple in the world and that they are looking forward to the day when they will have enough money to build themselves a little home and retire—away from curious crowds.



Mr. and Mrs. Al Tomaini, of Long Branch, N. J. Mr. Tomaini Is a Giant and His Wife Is Literally Half a Woman. They Have Been Married About a Year.

People Who Haven't Heard of the Depression

THE so-called Doukhobors—"spirit wrestlers"—of British Columbia haven't found Utopia on earth, but the 15,000 members of the sect, who began moving from Russia at the turn of the century, after severe persecution in that country, have weathered the depression remarkably well. In fact the Doukhobors hardly realized that the rest of Canada, not to mention the United States and European countries, was suffering an economic upheaval that impoverished millions of people.

There are several Doukhobor colonies in Canada, the largest of which is at Brilliant, British Columbia. The men, women and children who make up these settlements get along nicely because all of them work for the common good. At least, that's what the heads of the communities say. Farms, canning factories, lumber tracts, sawmills and everything else in each settlement is owned by the workers as a group. Everyone turns to and produces as much as he can. Much of the product of this effort is used by the Doukhobors themselves. Some of it is sold in Canadian markets. Nothing is wasted.

The heads of the community see to it that each family is supplied with a comfortable home. They provide the necessary tools and machinery to work the soil and the lumber tracts. Herds of sheep are grazed on the public pastures. Then men shear the wool from the animals, the women card the wool and weave the cloth, which they make into warm garments. If there is more cloth than the community needs it is sold at the market and at a good profit.

The depression did, in a way, hit the Doukhobors, for the profits were not as large as they were before the post-war economic troubles. But it so happened that when the market for farm produce was slack, the colonists were able to sell lumber, and by the time the market for timber was off, the communal workers were able to dispose of their vegetables, wool, and canned goods at good prices. Their diversified interests and their mode of life made it possible for them to get along nicely.

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A Comic Opera Tragedy in Real Life

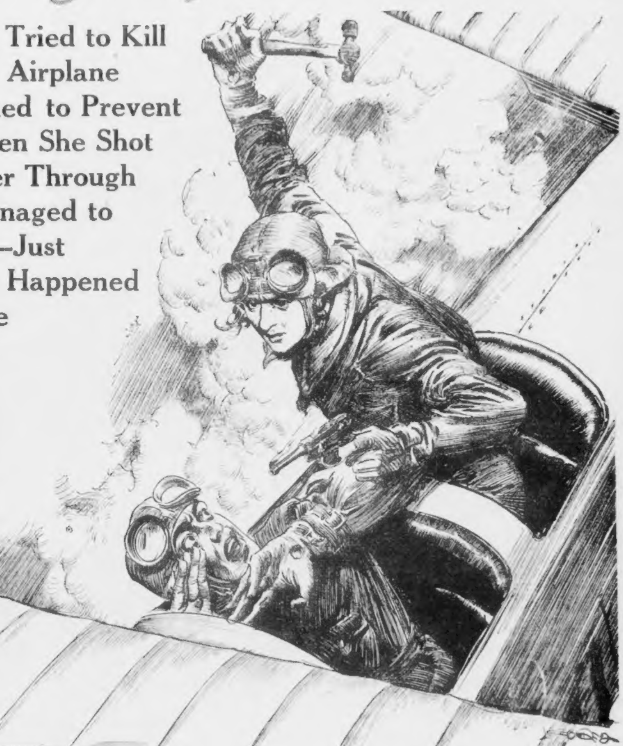
Every Time Irene Tried to Kill Herself in the Airplane Something Happened to Prevent It, and Even When She Shot Her Faithless Lover Through the Back He Managed to Land Safely—Just as It Would Have Happened on the Stage



Mme. Irene Schmeder, Heroine of the Comic Opera Tragedy.



M. Pierre Lallemand, the Aviator Lover, Whom She Shot.



It Was an Intense Moment, Pierre Testified, When Zooming Along at 2,000 Feet Up He Felt a Hammer Strike on His Head and, Turning, Saw His Sweetheart Brandishing That Hammer and Also Pointing a Pistol at Him, and as He Dived for Land It Was Even an Intenser Moment When She Shot Him Through the Back.



The Plane After Its Fall in England, Where Mme. Schmeder Was Arrested.



Irene Leaving the Paris Court After Telling How Many Times She Had Tried to Kill Herself in the Plane Without Success.

PARIS, April 23.

IN THE comic operas things that look as though they're going to end in tragedy invariably don't, which is the essential difference between comic and grand opera where they invariably do. When Mme. Irene Schmeder, charming, youthful, rich and fashionable Frenchwoman, recently set out to avenge herself on the lover who had jilted her, she provided enough of the comic opera tragedies for at least half a dozen productions.

Irene had decided to divorce her wealthy husband because he was "just a bedfull of old bones," but changed her mind and decided to shoot herself while flying with her handsome aviator lover, Pierre Lallemand, then changed her mind and shot him instead after hitting him a couple of times in the head with a hammer. When the desperately-wounded flyer managed to get the plane down and to crawl out, she took it up again to beat out her own brains with the hammer. But this hurt, so she changed her mind and decided to drown herself in the English Channel. But the water looked so cold and rough that she changed her mind and flew to England to crash herself down upon the rocks, but the rocks looked so hard that she crashed rather gently and was arrested.

This series of comic opera near-tragedies, each looking like certain death but always with a comic if not entirely happy ending, was always the fault of somebody or something else than herself, according to Irene. In the comic opera style, the trouble really began when this very beautiful piano teacher married the very wealthy M. Antoine Schmeder, manufacturer of mill-stones. She knew that she, a young woman, was wedding an old man, preoccupied in a highly competitive business, but he did not tell her he was "that bedfull of old bones" which she says she found him to be.

However, he tried to make up for this by heaping every luxury on her and giving her such liberties as most men would only grant to their widow. In 1932, having tired of other toys, Irene decided that she must learn to fly and attended the Maurane-Saulnier Aviation School.

There the petite wife of the rich old manufacturer became the pupil of handsome Pierre Lallemand. She was twenty-seven, he was twenty-four. He taught her to be a remarkably good flyer and she taught him to be a remarkably satisfactory lover. All concerned seem to have been quite contented with the situation for a couple of years until one day M. Schmeder lifted his eyes from the business long enough to notice that the whole world appeared to be snickering at him.

Learning the cause of the merriment, the manufacturer criticized his young wife for being seen so much in company of the young aviator. Her reply was not altogether satisfactory, in fact, she told him to mind his business, and that he was a mill-stone around her neck. Also she fitted up a love-nest on the Avenue Montespan, in Paris, with furniture, Persian rugs and a grand piano.

Pierre, who had left the school, risen to lieutenant in the French Air Force, and become an engineer in the airplane manufacturing company, did not like the nest. He told her that it was too confining for an eagle, and besides her husband might raid it at any moment. After the shooting, he revealed the real reason for disliking the arrangement, which was that she played the piano at him all the time.

"Love is the important thing, not the nest," said Irene, and together they bought an airplane which she named "Wings of Love." In this they flew into the sky every few days, as she put it, "like a queen bee and her lover." It did not matter to her that in this case, not the male, was the drone. Each time they dropped down from the sky upon a new, temporary love-nest, sometimes as far away as Africa, and there was not a possibility that hard-working old Schmeder would be able to catch them at any of their trysts.

Nevertheless this spectacular sky-loving was more conspicuous than their previous and more conventional violation of the conventions. The elderly husband heard more chuckles and again complained. This time the young wife was too angry for mere words and rose to deeds, starting divorce proceedings.

When she brought the good news to Pierre that within a few months she would be free to marry him, that gentleman did not register joy in the way she expected. Instead he looked downright glum about it. Forced to account for his joyless countenance, the well-trained lover explained that he was a Catholic and therefore could not marry a divorced woman.

Irene, who did not let the laws of God or man get in the way of true love (or untrue either), insisted that there was an ulterior purpose, and finally he admitted that he was about to announce his engagement to marry his secretary. Mme. Schmeder changed her mind for the time being about divorcing the "old bones" until she found out whether she was going to lose these young bones. As a first move Irene informed Pierre that the moment he announced the engagement she would put a bullet through her broken heart. Pierre took a chance and announced it but she changed her mind and gave him another chance.

"I expect to be a mother!" she informed Pierre in a high-tragedy voice. The young man looked her in the eye a moment then wrote the name and address of a physician.

"Let him examine you and see if that is true," he suggested.

"I will see not one doctor but a hundred," she cried flinging open the door, but changed her mind and didn't see any. Next day she was back for another scene of hysterics that seemed likely to go on forever.

Pierre apparently felt some pity for her. At any rate, he endeavored to pacify her by inviting her to fly with him from the Chartres air field the next day.

"I accepted," Irene told the judge later. "I was under the empire of despair. I realized now the truth of that cynical but sage observation that love is a business which always finishes by a bankruptcy.

"I knew that all was over between us and I determined that there, high in air, I would kill myself. Fully did I intend to do so. Never then did it cross my mind that there would occur to me the thought that I could not die alone—of leaving my lover to belong to another woman."

Irene appeared at the Villacoublay aerodrome, near Paris, with a smile on her face and an automatic pistol in her lingerie. Pierre did not see why she had them put in enough fuel for 700 miles, but he wasn't spoiling the lady's sweet mood by asking questions. They took off with Pierre at the controls and Irene in the rear cockpit.

According to her version, at a height of 2,000 feet, she took out the pistol and without even saying farewell, pressed the muzzle against her side and pulled the trigger. But this seems to have been the usual comic-opera sort of pistol which refused to shoot a lady, or at least this one. No matter how hard she tugged at the trigger nothing happened.

After a while she gave up and wondered what to try next. The easiest and surest method would be to just jump out but she happened to have a thought:

"No," she said to herself, "it must mean that the Heavenly director of all things does not wish me to do it that way. Yes, of course, why should I so obligingly remove myself from my rival's path? It is good sense that I kill him first. If the gun shoots him I will know that I am right."

Putting the muzzle against the middle of the aviator's back, bang! went the little gun, with only the lightest pressure. Even Pearl White, in the Perils of Pauline would have expected to at least get hurt, if she shot her pilot at 2,000 feet. But the "Cosmic Director" of this crazier than comic opera, real-life extravaganza, seems to have been a cosmic director for the moment. Irene somehow shot Pierre rather gently. The bullet missing his spine, dodged all the other vital organs and important blood vessels, doing so little damage that he was able to bring the plane down to a perfect three-point landing in a field near Voisin-le-Bretonneux.

According to Pierre's story it was even more remarkable because before the shooting she had softened him up by hitting him on the head several times as hard as she could with a hammer.

Or, as Pierre puts it, in true Gallic fashion:

"Mme. Schmeder relates how she hammered her head," remarked the aviator, "yet forgets to mention the fact that while the plane was rapidly cleaving the azure deep of air she attempted first to cleave my skull with a blow from a hammer. Surprised and pained by this mark of her affection, I wheeled around and saw her pointing an automatic pistol in my face.

"As she nervously fingered the trigger, I thought of percipitating her into space by executing a sudden 'loop-the-loop,' but since that would have meant certain death for Irene, who had neglected to fasten the parachute to her belt, I renounced the idea, concluding a swift descent might avert disaster. Before reaching the ground I received another token of her love—a revolver ball—which made me so dizzy that I wonder how we ever arrived alive on terra firma."

Considering the ingeniously playful mood of the "Cosmic Director," perhaps Pierre made a mistake in not dumping his murder-minded mistress overboard. Had he done so who can doubt that another plane would have miraculously happened to be flying underneath and caught her? Anyhow, when the plane came to a stop, the wounded flyer managed to tumble out and crawl to the highway, nearby, grateful that Irene was not putting any more lead into him. The first motorist rushed Pierre to the Versailles Hospital where the surgeons were amazed that a bullet could pass through a body with so little injury.

Having done what she supposed was enough to her alienated lover, Irene went back to the original job of killing herself. Picking up the pistol, she started to shoot herself in the heart, head and other important places but the gun had become gallant again and refused to shoot.

Though it would spoil her permanent wave, there seemed no way out but to bump herself off with that hammer. No sooner did the young woman start hitting herself on the head with it than shouts of protest arose making her realize that a small crowd had collected and was threatening to stop her.

Dizzy from her self-inflicted beating Irene climbed into the forward cockpit, started the engine and flew far up into the sky again where nobody could interfere with her suicide. But her skull must have been as sturdily constructed as Pierre's, because all she could manage was to knock herself more or less silly and acquire an awful headache.

After a while it occurred to her that there was no sense in all that pain and bother when she could so easily drop into the English Channel and drown herself. Off she flew but on coming down close to the water it looked so cold and rough that she changed her mind again. It would be better to dash against the chalky cliffs of England which would be instantaneous death and so spectacular.

And what do you think had to happen to spoil that? Just as she was approaching the coast a sudden fog developed making her miss the cliffs. Then she ran out of gas and crashed so gently as to get only a slight bump. She received a jolt however, when two English policemen arrested her at the request of the French Government which took her back to face trial for attempted murder.

Comic opera rules required that Pierre should forgive and press no charges, and he did as expected. Also they required the "bedfull of old bones" to rush to his faithless wife's defense, and he did. Then came a slight hitch. When a murder has been committed, the first rule of the defense is to blacken the character of the victim so the jury will think it more or less excusable.

Irene started to follow this policy by saying among other things that she had given great sums of money to her lover. But Pierre, far from being murdered, was very much alive, denied all her charges, especially stating that he made a good salary and had paid 50-50 on everything with her except the love nest which he neither wanted nor used.

Some think that this may so disorganize the defense that for once a French woman will actually be punished for shooting a man. It is pointed out as a significant fact that she had not been granted the usual "provisional liberty," pending trial such as Alice Silverthorn and other well-known lover-shooters enjoyed.

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The Naughty Strip-Tease As Done In Grandpa's Day

WITHIN the past year or so, the strip-tease has become a familiar phase of the American Scene, along with the sit-down strike, swing music and the streamlined automobile.

Aroused newspaper editors and columnists are pointing to the shapely young women who remove their clothes, piece by piece, in the name of theatrical entertainment, as evidence of a deplorable let-down in good taste. At the same time a committee of Congressmen, called upon to protect performers on the native stage from the competition of foreign actors and actresses, has been informed that the strip-tease is a form of "native American art" deserving the consideration of our law-makers as well as of theatrical audiences.

Be that as it may, no one should get the notion that this custom of the burlesque business to amuse the tired business man and others with spectacles of "the form divine" is a recent innovation. At the turn of the century, and before, the males of this country revealed an interest in this form of "native American art"—as the pictures on this page amusingly show.

The young woman seen through the keyhole did not appear behind the footlights. She did her daring posing for a photographer whose pictures eventually found their way into many homes fortunate enough to have that gadget known as the stereoscope.

With the development of the movies the stereoscope was consigned to the attic, along with the bustle and the mustache cup. But, here and there, one of the instruments and sets of the double pictures that seemed as one when viewed through the magnifying windows of the contraption, have been preserved.

The series of stereoscope works of art shown on this page was innocently labeled "Life Studies" and grandpa probably kept them hidden so that grandma or the youngsters wouldn't run onto them among the pictures revealing the natural grandeur of Yellowstone Park or the towering cascade of Niagara Falls.

To him the coy boudoir antics of the girl seen through the keyhole—an imaginative touch to make the scenes seem naughtier—amounted to a strip-tease. It is assumed that peering at the "Life Studies" stimulated his romantic nature and, in a way, provided a harmless escape from the tedium of the workaday world and humdrum domesticity.

Times have changed since the turn of the century—as the picture of one of the current strip-tease artists convincingly shows. The once alluring corset cover and fulsome pantalette have become relics of an era gone forever. They are as dead as the horse-car. The men folks of today are much too sophisticated to find excitement in any such items of feminine frippery.

The daring strip-tease of the Gay Nineties was also available in certain arcades equipped with those peep-show machines which the thrill-seeker looked into while he turned a crank on the side. In a way, these were even more inflaming than sitting down with a stereoscope, because a device inside flipped the pictures over one after another and gave the "strippers" a semblance of life.

The police made frequent visits to these "hot spots" and looked at the peep-show boxes to make sure that the manufacturers of such divertissements weren't going too far with their attractions.

Whether the members of the present Congress can be induced to accept the present-day queens of burlesque as disciples of native American art, as the producers of the girly-girly shows demand, is a question. Many a star of the musical comedy stage rose from the ranks of burlesque and, on occasion, entertained the customers with a strip-tease. But there seems to be more than a reasonable doubt that disrobing, however dramatized, comes under the head of Art.



"Life Studies" Was the Title of These Phases of a Strip-tease Back in 1900. Such Sequences, the Origin of Such Specialties as Those of Gypsy Rose Lee today, Were Offered in "Daring" Stereoptican Slides. In the Final Photograph the Lady Still Had Considerably More Clothes on Than the Modern Strip Artist Shown in the Center, Just Before Discarding Her Gown.

INT'L PHOTO'S

Well, Who'd Believe This Love Story?

THE unusual photograph below was not taken in some sunny backyard where pastoral peace induces natural enemies to call a truce and live amiably together. It was snapped in a penitentiary cell, in California, and the canary and the pussy cat are the pals of a convict who has a long time to serve.

By special permission of the warden this prisoner was permitted to brighten his little niche with a couple of pets. The man had plenty of time on his hands, and no place to go, so he spent long hours convincing the cat that it shouldn't stalk and eat birds, and the bird that not all felines are killers to be avoided.

The owner of the strange team finds a lot of fun in watching the antics of his cellmates and insists that they are really fond of each other. But some of his hard-boiled buddies, who don't believe that life is all sweetness and light, are betting that, some morning, the cat is going to have canary for breakfast.



PHOTO PICTURES, INC.

The Two Pals of a California Convict, Who Has Trained the Cat and the Bird to Forget Their Natural Enmity and Become Firm Friends. The Prisoner's Fellow-Convicts, However, Are Taking Short Bets on the Bird's Longevity.

Traveled 6,000 Miles to Wed—But Didn't

THE immigration authorities at Wellington, South Africa, have a bit of a problem on their hands. But their confusion is nothing compared with the predicament of the man who laid the situation in their laps.

It seems that, eight years ago, he made contact with a good-looking young woman living in London, object matrimony.

A few weeks ago the young woman arrived in South Africa. Things went wrong from the first, however, because the immigration officials refused to let the girl land until a deposit of $250 in cash was made with her temporary landing permit. Her fiance gladly handed over the money, and took her to the new home he had built for her, but she was in a bad frame of mind and found fault with many details of the "love nest." She said it was too small and furnished in bad taste. The man tried to cheer her up and bring the love-light that poets talk about to her eyes, but he got nowhere. He reminded her that it was a pity to travel 6,000 miles to find happiness and then miss out on that desirable state.

That brought matters to a head. The bride-to-be said she not only didn't like the house; she didn't love the man who put it up—and she was going back home. The immigration officials thought, under the law, she should stay at least a month before they could remit the $250 deposit to pay her fare back to England.

The disappointed husband-to-be has offered his house for sale.

How The Angler Saved His Patience

THE British disciple of Izaak Walton shown down in the corner of the page insists that he isn't a boorish individual and that he enjoys companionship and conversation with his fellow men. But when he's waiting for a bite he sometimes likes to catch up on his reading and it annoys him to have every passerby stop to ask the familiar question, "Any luck?"

For weeks he put up with these interruptions and finally hit up a clever scheme to satisfy the curious and at the same time peruse a copy of the London Times or enjoy a thrilling mystery story. As the photograph amusingly shows, he picked just the right words and had them printed large enough so that anyone passing within fifty yards would be discouraged from walking over to him and propounding the age-old query.

Other anglers in the neighborhood less imaginative than this fellow, adopted the placard method, too, and found fishing a much more comfortable avocation as a result.

Not all the fishermen used the words, "No, not yet." Some of them were much less humorous and courteous and printed such messages as "Don't bother me" and "I'd rather fish than talk."

Occasionally a whimsical onlooker happens by just as the angler with the sign gets a bite and reels in a handsome fish. Then, anything is liable to happen in the way of repartee, the placard notwithstanding.



WIDE WORLD

This Idea Probably Will Be Adopted by Any Number of Fishermen Who Grow Weary of Replying to the Questions of Passersby. "Any luck?" It Was Originated by a British Angler.

Bride's Masquerade as Prisoner Landed Her in Jail

SOFIA, Bulgaria.

WHEN Aneta Angelova married Vazil Georgiev, one of this city's huskiest and handsomest policemen, she had her mind made up about the honeymoon she and her husband were going on—but she didn't dream that, at the end of a happy week, she would pay for her bliss by winding up behind the bars of a jail.

It wasn't that Mrs. Georgiev did anything serious to bring her into the toils of the law; it was her feminine determination to have the kind of honeymoon she wanted—and her spouse's reluctant agreement with her wishes.

It seems that Aneta had visited the village of Karlevo as a girl and that this beautiful little community in the "Valley of the Roses" had made such an impression on her that she made up her mind, then and there, to honeymoon in that spot when she married.

Mr. Georgiev explained to his bride that he didn't have enough money to take her and himself to Karlevo and live there for a week in an inn she had mentioned. He had spent most of his money on the wedding and in buying furniture for their little home on the outskirts of Sofia.

But his explaining got him nowhere. In effect his pretty bride told him that a man who couldn't afford a week's honeymoon just hadn't used his head and that it was up to him to find some way to realize her perfectly reasonable ambition to get off to a pleasant domestic start in a locality conducive to romance.

The policeman was stumped until he hit upon a scheme that might meet his wife's demands and not cost him more than he could afford. Many times he had been called upon to travel with prisoners, on a police pass covering both their fares. Why not masquerade his bride as a law-breaker and fake a police pass which would take them both to the Valley of the Roses and back?

He talked the scheme over with his wife and she was all for it. So Georgiev stole a blank form from the desk of the captain in charge of the station to which he was attached, filled it out with the maiden name of his wife as a prisoner to be delivered to the authorities in Karlovo, stamped it with the official seal, forged the captain's signature—and headed for the railway station.

The conductor remembered the policeman and did not question the pass on which he and his comely charge were traveling. They went to the inn in Karlovo, spent a most delightful week and had many a good laugh over the way they managed their idyllic honeymoon.

On the way home they spent a good deal of time gazing into each other's eyes, holding hands and otherwise behaving like a couple of love birds. They forgot that they were supposed to be an officer of the law and a prisoner.

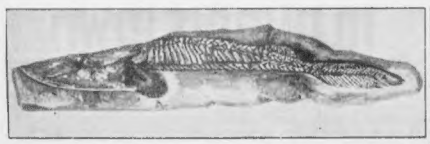
They remembered suddenly when a grim-faced man sitting opposite them rose from his seat and said to Georgiev, "I am Stepan Arnoff, detective in the Sofia police force. It strikes me, officer, that you are being a trifle pleasant and intimate with your prisoner. I'd like to look at the pass on which you are traveling."

The detective saw, at once, that the ticket was forged. He wired headquarters. The policeman was reprimanded and, when he and his bride arrived home, they were arrested and put behind the bars for three days.

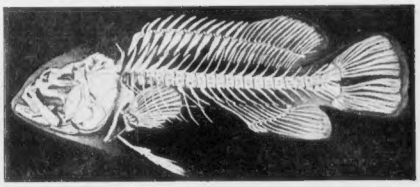
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How Nature Made Her "Bridges-That-Walk"

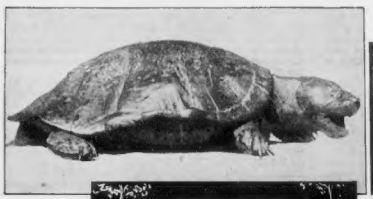
Science Studies the Curious Resemblances of Skeletons, From Our Earliest Fish Ancestor's Up to Modern Man's, With the Various Bridges That Human Engineers Have Invented



1—The Earliest Known "Bridge," Fossil of About 350,000,000 Years Ago. And—



2—(At Right) Some 75,000,000 Years Later the "Bridge" Had Developed Fins, Which Become Our Arms and Legs.





3—Then Nature Experimented With the Covered Bridge, Which Man Was to Copy Millions of Years in the Future, and One Perfect Surviving Example of Which Is the Turtle.





4—200,000,000 Years Ago Nature Developed Strong Piers Upon the Skeleton Bridge, as Shown by This Fossil Amphibian, Which Dr. Gregory Calls "A Frog-like Bridge With Sprawling Supports."



5—(At Left) When Notharctus, Who Lived in Trees About 50,000,000 Years Ago, Arrived, the Bridges Worked Equally Well Right-Side-Up or Upside-Down, Leading to Man.



6—(Below) The Perfected "Bridge-That-Walks" — Man and His "Poor Relation," the Gorilla, Which Also Can Stand Upright at Need.



THE schoolboy who described the backbone as a "lot of bones fixed so your head sits on one end and you sit on the other," was not so far wrong. Had he called it a bridge, with one end sticking up in the air and the other equipped with a pair of levers to walk around on, he would have had the highest scientific authority behind him.

Recently Dr. William King Gregory, distinguished scientist and expert on evolution in the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City, described the human frame as the "Bridge That Walks." According to Dr. Gregory, Professor D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, famous Scottish naturalist, is responsible for the statement that the framework of a cow standing in a meadow and that of the great steel bridge that spans the Firth of Forth in Scotland are constructed on precisely the same principles.

Most of the animals are natural bridges suspended from two pairs of piers or abutments but what makes their construction complicated is that they have to move around on those piers without collapsing. If one of the great steel spans had the power to move its piers like legs and should start to climb out of the river, the whole structure would promptly crash in a mass of tangled metal, due to unbalanced stresses.

Nature in the long course of evolution has turned out walking and running bridges, swimming and flying bridges, the turtle who is a covered bridge, the monkey who is a bridge that swings by one end and man who walks around like one-half of a perpetually-open vertical drawbridge.

The human bridge does not stand up as well as some of the others. It is constantly falling halfway down into a chair and at bedtime tumbles all the way down; whereas the horse and many other four-pier bridges, can sleep on their feet in the true bridge posture. Whether man got his structural ideas from studying skeletons is not known, but Nature and human engineers certainly solved a lot of problems in the same manner.

If one could see through a horse or cow standing in a field, the internal framework would look precisely like that of many a great bridge spanning a river. The animal's legs represent the two piers usually employed in all really large bridges. Built out from both sides of both piers are frameworks of bones tied together with muscles and tendons, just as engineers tie together the steel framework of a great bridge with cables or other "tension members" on which the forces created by the weight of the bridge pull instead of pushing or crushing, just as the bones of the animal's skeleton support crushing stresses while the tendons and muscles withstand the tension ones.

The cow or horse, in fact, represents almost precisely the kind of bridge called a cantilever, in which the framework is built in what are essentially two parts, one so that it balances on one pier, the other on the other pier. On one side of the front-leg pier of a cow is about half of the backbone, extending backward. On the other side is the neck and head. These two approximately balance each other and both are supported on the front-leg pier, just as happens to one-half of a cantilever bridge.

The animal bridge, however, has two important differences from the kind of bridges built to cross rivers. One is that it must be able to move. As Dr. Gregory, says, it is the "bridge that walks," which means that some arrangement must be made to move the piers back and forth and still not wreck the bridge.

The other difference is still farther from what is demanded of an ordinary highway or railway bridge. The animal bridge must be provided at one end with a combination steam shovel, crushing machine and grappling apparatus; that is, with the mouth, jaws, teeth and other machinery for seizing food and eating it. Engineers have devised, however, other machines, built on the same principles as bridges, which actually do all of these things; for example, the giant digging and dredging machines that pick up a whole truck load of sand from a river bottom or coal from an exposed working.

For man, Nature's engineering staff was confronted with still greater difficulties. Not only must the bridge stand the strain of being moved around while balanced on one end and supporting the biting and swallowing machinery, but also all sorts of pushes, pulls and twists inflicted on it by the hands, at the end of arm levers, striking, throwing, wrestling and carrying things. However, the ape had already worked out the basic patents for most of the necessary inventions.

According to Dr. Gregory, the process of developing this walking, eating, talking bridge during the long ages of evolution began some 350,000,000 years ago, with not much more than the head and eating machinery plus a partly stiffened but still flexible tail to keep the head pointed in the right direction. The very first traces of a bridge back of the head had no girders associated with it; that is, no bones. Instead it was a tube of tough, leathery material kept stiff by being filled with liquid under pressure, like a fire hose when in use. This was in some of the earliest kinds of fishes, probably not very good swimmers but which presumably spent most of their time crawling along the bottom of the sea and poking their armored and heavily-jawed heads at the ends of the stiffening tubes into places where food might be found. Nowadays, engineers still build a few structures stiffened by internal pressure, one example being certain kinds of dirigible balloons.

The next of Nature's steps upward toward man was to provide this sea-bottom fish with a crude kind of flippers, perhaps first to help in crawling along the bottom but presently for swimming. Man still uses the same principle in rowing a boat, but when he puts a marine engine in it he applies power to the water with a screw propeller. This is a development of the wheel, an invention that did not fit into Nature's plans and situation.

Meanwhile, during the development of this swimming apparatus, the early fish also were perfecting the fundamental bridgework that all backboned animals have made use of ever since. The hollow tube stiffened by liquid gradually was transformed into the jointed backbone, like the pair of main girders of a bridge. To keep this flexible for use in swimming, the bone was jointed. That tended to make it weak and easily bent, so it was stiffened again by sets of muscles and tendons attached along its length, like the tie bars and other tension members of the bridge.

There was one important difference. These muscular tie bars of the fish's bridgework could be shortened or lengthened at will by telegraphic nerve orders from the control operator in the head; something the like of which engineers have accomplished only in some of the most modern automatic machinery.

So far, the living bridge was merely a bridge, without anything in the nature of piers. No piers were needed. The bridge was not crossing anything. It merely lay on the bottom of the sea or crawled along it, or perhaps floated in the water above the bottom.

The step of creation of piers Dr. Gregory believes began about 300,000,000 years ago, when a few kinds of fish first began to crawl out on the land. The wriggling movements that had been so successful in the water now were much less effective. The swimming flippers also must have proved nearly useless for walking or crawling on land, where there was no supporting water to hold up the body.

Accordingly, Nature began modifying the simple crawling and swimming bridge into a running one. The body was lifted off the ground, so that the resistance to movement would be less. Out of the nearly useless flippers, two sets of piers were devised to hold up the bridgework, but still kept movable to permit walking and running. Thus originated the first land animals, the amphibians, and presently the reptiles.

Then Nature paused to play with a really great idea that proved to be a disappointment. She invented the covered bridge and, later on, so did man. For a while the covered bridge was a common sight on most American highways, but now only a few remain, as curiosities, mostly in New England. Nature's covered bridge was the turtle which can get around fairly well in the water, but is a dismal failure as far as land travel is concerned. But man took his own covered bridge idea, added an engine and wheels and created the automobile, turning a failure into one of his proudest triumphs.

The wheel was the thing the turtle needed. Strangely enough, this notorious slowpoke is streamlined according to the very latest scientific ideas on minimizing air resistance, not because turtles had to move through air but to let flowing water run by without washing the turtle away. For all anyone knows, a big, streamlined tortoise with wheels might develop ninety miles an hour over a good paved highway and with its low center of gravity would hardly need to slow up for the turns. Any jack rabbit in his way would get run over.

But Nature never invented wheels and so left the unfortunate turtle flat on its horny stomach to make a success of what was theoretically the harebrained scheme of a jumping bridge, which would leap many times its length into the air and land without crashing into ruin. More than 150,000,000 years ago, in the Age of Reptiles, some of these creatures, then the highest point of evolution on earth, began developing the leaping machinery.

New shapes and new sets of muscle motors were developed in the two rear piers of the living bridge. Then the motors were strengthened so that a sudden contraction by them would shoot the whole bridge up in the air, but let it land safely when the leap was over.

In the days when the reptiles were dominant on earth, Nature's engineering department seems to have been in a mood of special inventiveness. Not only were the first leapers developed, but steps also were taken to invent flying bridges; first in the form of flying reptiles, a little later in the creatures that developed into birds. Still the fundamental bridge structure went along. Every head of a family who carves chickens or turkeys at the dinner table has had ample opportunity to observe that inside the machinery of these birds there still exists the same set of backbone girders and pier supports that was possessed in some degree by the fish and more completely by the reptiles from which all birds developed.

The Perfect "Running Bridge," or Skeleton of a Horse, Showing Its Resemblance to One of the Largest Engineering Types.



Photos by American Museum of Natural History, New York

A Living Bridge From the Permian Age, 200,000,000 Years Ago, Designed for Heavy Weights.

The one of Nature's inventions in reptilian days which was to prove most significant was the development of the front pair of paddles into grasping machines at the front edge of the bridge, so that the bridge could climb into trees. Either during the Age of Reptiles itself or shortly thereafter, there developed some small, probably furry animals which had hand-like organs at the outer ends of their forward bridge piers and which invented tree climbing. After a while these were like modern lemurs, presently not unlike modern monkeys. A few ages later they were ape-like. Finally they were men.

The change from a bridge that walked on its four feet to one that could hang safely from a tree limb by its two front hands was a remarkable engineering accomplishment. If a giant airplane or balloon came along, hooked a cable into one end of some great modern bridge, like the George Washington Bridge in New York City, and lifted that end of the structure into the air, the whole bridge would fall apart. Such bridges are designed to withstand even the stresses of their own weight only in one direction. Tilted up, the stresses change so that some members pull apart or collapse and the whole affair falls into a mass of twisted girders.

Climbing introduced another engineering difficulty. Some of these early climbing animals might find themselves hanging upside down; something which again would put the bridge stresses into so unusual a position that they would be unbalanced and would wreck the structure of any animal of heavy weight. Very few of the engineers' bridge constructions of modern days would survive if all of them were turned upside down and hung from their piers instead of resting on them.

As soon as Nature had perfected, out of the primitive walking bridges, a set of living bridges that could hang by their hands and climb along tree branches upside down, evolution was presented with another problem, man, a bridge that insisted on spending his active life on end. The two front piers were not abandoned but were still used as grasping and climbing tools. Modern babies still can hang by their hands as monkeys do and their spines and other bridgework must not collapse when this is done. Ability to withstand the upside down position of the tree climbers must not be lost as antics of the circus performers show that it has not been. And on top of all these, the whole bridge structure, head and hands and all, must be turned up habitually on one end, balanced on its two rear piers and made able to walk, leap and stand up in that way.

That Nature's engineers succeeded in this, even if only partially, is a monument to their skill; and that they have not yet succeeded more than partially is evidenced by the fact that human beings still lie down to sleep. Another evidence is that human beings who stand upright soon get tired. The crowd watching a parade gets tired much sooner than the policeman's horse.

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Wed A Ghost, But Can She Have His Fortune?

AS IF to prove the French proverb that "marriages are made in heaven and consummated on earth," there is in Paris today a "bride" who asserts that she married a ghost. This mystical marriage is not, however, as discouraging as it sounds. In fact, there is every chance that it may prove to be the most profitable kind.

By marrying a wealthy French business man named Julien Barthus eight months after the official date of his death she secured not only his name, but also his fortune with none of the usual drawbacks of married life. There was no risk that she might be the first to die and so have to endure the trials of marriage for nothing.

Neither was there any need to try the celestial purity of their love with the petty nuisances of daily married life. It was all on an ideal plane because their affair was not of this earth. But there is the rub at which the courts may demur. A mystical marriage may be acceptable in the other world, argue the lawyers, but is it legal on earth?

Is it so legal, for instance, that the ghost's wife can inherit the man's money? The will of the Frenchman who died in an automobile accident was not published until recently, and it was then revealed that the property was left to a wife whose existence his relatives had never suspected. She was an English woman, a native of Cambridge, but the only name she goes by is "Mrs. Julien Barthus."

The dismay of Barthus' kinsmen, however, changed into indignation when they investigated the matter and found out that his wife was supposed to have married him long after he was dead and buried. They filed action in the French Law Courts, asserting that the will cannot possibly be valid. What made things look bad for the curious bride was that they also had a signed statement of Jules Barthus, a "stooge" cousin who posed as the dead man for the wedding ceremony and used the dead man's papers which were in his possession.

The relatives therefore figured out that they had an excellent case against the woman they called impostor. They were, as a result, astounded when the bride answered questions about the discrepancy in dates by declaring that



She Was Seated in Her Bedroom, Dressing, When Suddenly She Saw in the Mirror an Apparition That Nearly Made Her Faint. It Was the Man She Had Spurned.

she knew perfectly well that her husband was a dead man when she married him.

But his phantom, she insisted, had come from the grave and visited her. She said she would never forget the first time he came. She was seated at her bedroom dressing table, brushing her hair, when suddenly she was aware of a presence in the room. Nonchalantly she continued to brush her hair but looked into the mirror to see who could be watching her. She saw an apparition that nearly made her faint. It was the man whose petition for marriage she had spurned a thousand times before he died. Yet there he stood, still in the ghastly attire in which he was found dead.

Naturally, she was startled by this "shape of terror," but he evidently reassured her by telling her that he was a gentle ghost, and that his intentions were honorable. He begged her to grant him, in death, the boon she had never permitted him in life. He asked her to marry him, for, as she could see, he was doomed to walk the night until she would take pity on his poor ghost and bring him rest. The substance of it was that he would haunt her until she would have him for a bridegroom.

According to her assertion her refusals were to no avail. The ghost kept visiting her, always arguing that she must find a way of effecting a union between them. For months he literally wooed her, and at last his spirited arguments won her over. Together they cudgeled their practical and spiritual brains and finally hit on a scheme.

She was to seek out his cousin, Jules, and Jules must pose as the dead man in the wedding ceremony. Jules would present the dead man's papers, and that would be enough, because not the persons but only the papers which are used are what count in a French marriage. Such a wedding, even if done by proxy, is legal until the courts decide against it.

Thus it has happened that one of the most fantastic lawsuits ever to trouble a court of France is impending. "Mrs. Barthus" will not deny the allegations made as to the date of her marriage, but will plead that she was only carrying out the sacred wishes of the dead.

Affidavits from witnesses will support her by declaring that marriage to a ghost cannot be annulled because French law says nothing about it. Acts, it is asserted, are especially legal if they carry the sanction of the deceased, provided there is evidence that contact with the dead actually exists.

Moreover, it has been pointed out, the papers necessary for the ceremony were placed before the officiating marriage clerk; and these papers were genuine, which is a strong point in the French law.

The ghost's wife will be defended by a prominent member of the French bar, and it is expected that he will introduce precedents, going back to the Middle Ages, for the legality of marriages with the dead.

If she wins this case, it is said, the "wife" will at once enter a suit for divorce against her ghostly spouse on grounds of desertion. At any rate, the case is attracting wide attention in France, and is exciting the grey-beard lawyers who never heard of such a thing in all the years of their practice. It just goes to prove, say some, that it takes a foreigner to teach the French girls how to do things. Imagine being one man's fiancee, widow and wife all at the same time!

5-Cent "Opry" At Artistic Zenith In Illinois Town

THE nickel opera in Blue Mound, Ill., is in its third season, a period in which farm boys and girls and their elders as well get a chance to appear before the footlights for auditions to determine whether their firm conviction of performing ability is real or imaginary.

None in this typical Central Illinois farming community of 800 doubts that the opera will be a success financially; none doubts that it will fulfill the aim of its founders—to provide entertainment for residents of the community. If neighbors do come—and they came in droves last year—they come as guests and by sufferance of the Blue Mound community for the theatre is what it started out to be—home-town entertainment.

Strictly speaking the theatre provides only a meager outlet for dramatic ambitions of the talented ones of the community. For the most part it is a variety show with dances, dramatic readings, black-outs, brief plays, tumblers and acrobats mixed together in a conglomeration of talent against the background of the town band which furnishes the staple musical support for the entertainment.

In a way, Blue Mound's theatre is the outgrowth of the town band. The town band led a precarious existence before the theatre was started. Succeeding generations kept alive the organization. Old-timers would drop out, and for years the band would barely hang together, sometimes dropping to ten or twelve pieces. Then there would be a new leader and an influx of new musicians, spurred by apparently boundless enthusiasm and long power. For a time the weekly band concerts would draw an audience from miles around. Then the players would drop out and the band was back to its former status of the town joke.



The Foundation for the Institution of the "Opry" Is Traced Back to the Men Who Sat Around the Hot Stove in the General Store During the Long Winter Nights of 1934.

Charles Bradley, hardware merchant, was leader of the band during the dark days of the depression. He was, his friends say, not much of a musician but a good leader. The band had expanded to 26 pieces but the band concerts were pretty glum affairs—the same pieces, the same faces, the same kids running barefoot through the crowd, the same tightly packed rows of automobiles. It was the depression and every one was determinedly miserable.

Credit for the theatre goes to the Hot Stove League members who in the long Winter evenings of 1934 met in Bradley's store to damn the drought and the depression. The town treasury was empty. Nobody had any money or could get any. The band was puny and the free movies which the merchants had tried worse.

Charles Worthan, former mayor of the village and proprietor of a filling station, proposed that they "give a show" in the park as soon as the weather cleared. Well, some thought it was a good idea and some didn't. There was a time when a show in town meant a chance to see real talent. Once in a blue moon, one of these events struck Blue Mound. But radio and all the other gadgets of a cockeyed civilization put an end to the traveling shows, it no longer paid them to stop at the little towns.

Where the professionals had failed to get any support, how could a handful of Blue Mounders produce anything that would amount to anything? It sounded hopeless, and besides, was the objection of some of "the more practical townsfolk, who was going to pay for all the apparatus, for the stage and seat lumber, and for the costumes?

But enthusiasm has a way of getting things done, and there were enough interested for it to come off. "It won't hurt to try," was the general opinion, and in that spirit the show was planned.

Old telephone poles carried the flood lights, an abandoned wind-mill tower held the spotlight apparatus (manufactured out of spare parts by a garage mechanic). Volunteers did the work for there was nothing to do in Blue Mound anyway. Most of the money went for an expert who designed and installed the stage lighting equipment. And it was money well spent.

A call was broadcast for talent: anyone who could sing, dance, play a fiddle or turn flip-flops was assured of an opportunity to perform. The first year there were more than 400 who participated in the programs. Last year there were 500 including many from a radius of fifty or more miles.

Somehow, it clicked from the first. The initial production would have brought down the house, except that there wasn't any house, it was performed out of doors. The people of Blue Mound went contrary to all the rules which say that "a prophet is without honor in his own country," and an actor not appreciated in his own town. The townsfolk gave their talent a big hand and made it clear that they didn't care what the world might think, they liked it.

The impromptu spirit of the venture gave rise to a spontaneous enthusiasm seldom equalled in the big city theatres, for it was honest appreciation of honest effort. The wise-cracks seemed funnier to them than any they had ever heard in the movies because they were about the things they knew best, the widow Brown's washing, and sarcastic remarks about Macon and Elwin, the local rival towns. Nor were the citizens too critical, because they weren't paying such a lot of money that they could expect the best. Besides, they were getting twenty times their value in pleasure; this was no importation toward which they felt no personal relationship, but the real, home-town McCoy.

The trappings of the theatre have changed this season. A WPA grant furnished $16,000 for the erection of a permanent stage and seating accommodations. The program will be expanded to include minstrel shows and class plays and operettas. But it will remain what it started out to be, home-town entertainment for home-town folks.

The board of directors of the enterprise stubbornly insist that the "opry" remain just that. The nickel charge they explain is not to make money; it's just to kinda keep expenses down.

The theatre has a seating capacity of 3,200 persons. The gross receipts last season totalled $1,500 from an admission charge of five cents. So you can see how well filled the theatre was on the Wednesday performances.

Blue Mound folks are still smiling about the experience of a PWA dramatic unit from Decatur. The Wednesday night show had been rained out and the dramatic unit appeared on Thursday. Word had gotten around that the show had been postponed until Thursday and the theatre was jammed. The dramatic unit players felt that they had "struck oil" and insisted on returning at a later date with another production. There was no misunderstanding this time and the audience stayed away in large numbers. Exactly 11 persons formed the audience. Blue Mound, it appeared, liked its own show and nothing else.

Few notables have arisen from the ranks of the performers in the cornfield theatre but three years is a bit soon to become an outstanding professional in any line. But if you want to make something out of it, Ernie Moffett who plays bass horn with Fred Waring's band once tootled in the Blue Mound "opry."

Why Farmers Were Right In Letting Pigs Wallow

THE new-fangled notion of the agricultural schools that a pig doesn't want to be "dirty as a pig" has long met with stubborn resistance from farmers, who say that the porkers love mud the way the girls love mink. These embattled farmers have, as a matter of fact, been getting mighty mad at all this loose talk that a dirty swine should be educated to a more sanitary life.

But so convinced were the theorists that only by coddling could pigs be made to pay, that the farmers were beginning to doubt their own common sense. Certainly pigs could hardly be called a paying proposition these days, and maybe cleaning up the pens would help. After all, "water is cheap" and goes a long way.

For a while, reformers were in paradise. The pens were painted and paved, and kept spick and span on many a farm; heating systems were installed to keep the pigs from getting a chill in the cold air; one lady even proclaimed that pigs' feet ought to be manicured.

Then came the payoff, in the way of a costly pig ailment which began to spread like wildfire through only the farms were the animals were kept mudless. A mysterious "pig cough" began to spread through British and American stock farms, and instead of making money on their renovated pigs, the farmers lost it. It is not merely tragic for the pig to cough all day and all night and to fade into a shadow of his former self, but it means the farmer also has to cough up, to pay the bill.

After all what good is it to grow a pig if the bacon wastes away? The farmers who let their hogs "stick in the mud" were able to crow a loud "I told you so" to those who fell for the clean-pig movement. Rather than lose face in front of their rivals, the farmers appealed to science to help them out of the plight.

This year, at the Midland Agricultural College, at Sutton Bonington, England, officials took samples of lungs and other organs from slaughtered sick pigs to see what the matter could be. The samples were sent to Dr. J. L. Berry, who is a microscopist at Birmingham University, and his examination of the tissue found the fault.

In the pig lungs were found countless sharp pieces of dust, like those causing silicosis in the lungs of human beings. The more the pig coughed, the deeper the particles invaded his lungs, until finally the entire area would be irritated and inflamed. What had happened, the scientists decided, was that because everything was kept clean—even the pig-sties—the pig began to swallow more dust than water. He got dry feed and ate it from dry troughs, and that was fatal. In the same way heating systems were bad for pigs because the hot air sucked moisture, so that the animals were racked by dry coughs.

Yes, the scientists admitted, old fashioned pig raisers, by giving the creature plenty of muddied water, were treating it better than the reformers, for all their humanitarian motives. But that didn't mean the pig should be given back his mud-holes. The pigs can, in spite of what the old timers say, be kept clean and still healthy, the farm schools were quick to announce.

What is needed is more moisture, and this can be supplied in better forms than mud. The feed should be made wet before the pig gets it, and even a clean bath is not amiss. Perhaps the smartest of all was a farmer near Kinston, N. C., who recently was reported to have built a shower house for his pigs. They were delighted with it and raised a deafening chorus of grunts whenever a day passed without their refreshing bath.

So it turns out that water is not only cheapest, but best after all for the pig parents and all the little piglets. It all comes out in the wash—especially the epithet of "dirty pig," which turns out to be just so much mud-slinging for which the pig, bless him, isn't responsible at all.

Puzzle Over Child With Too Many Parents

TOO MANY parents are spoiling the life of little Jessie Jean Henderson, who has also gone by the names of Clements and Matthis. All those names aren't her fault, for the bright little girl with dark hair is only "three-years-old-going-on-four," and has barely had time to do the wrong things for which grown-ups usually take on a string of names.

The whole tangle, in fact, started because the Cincinnati child had no name at all to begin with. She could hardly be expected to know what all the row over her name is about, and it may be that as a result of her innocent years, she is less troubled than all the rest involved, even though she is the center of all the trouble.

Perhaps the ones to be most puzzled by it all are Mr. and Mrs. Leo Arlie Clements, who became foster-parents of the infant two years ago. Their legal adoption of the girl at the time solved the problem of the unmarried mother, Elizabeth Henderson.

But now Miss Henderson wants her baby back, and there is even a chance that the courts will let her have it. At the time she let the baby go, its father was married to another woman; in fact, he did not know about the child until some time after Miss Henderson gave it away to her helpful neighbors.

The forty-five-year-old engineer, whose name is James F. Matthis, had started the fireworks when he met Miss Henderson as a comely girl of nineteen. After a brief affair the two had parted, but that was not the end of it. After the baby came, Miss Henderson's pride would not permit her to tell the father. Instead, she left it with a friend, who "mothered" it for more than a year, until illness kept her from continuing the part.

The real mother, however, was unable to face the trouble and gossip which bringing a child home would have meant, and so she took to drink and tried to escape her responsibility that way.

Into this almost unsolvable state of affairs came the Clements, childless neighbors of Miss Henderson who knew her secret. They were willing to take little Jessie Jean into their home and make it hers with all the little joys



When the Real Parents Came to Them for the Return of Little Jessie, the Claimants Absolutely Refused to Part With Their Beloved Adopted Child. That Started Court Proceedings.

that a happy home means. Miss Henderson accepted their offer.

The necessary papers were drawn up, and at last Jessie went to live with her brand-new set of "parents." But although Jessie was now off her mother's hands, she was still on the mother's mind.

The unhappy woman began to brood over the injustice of things. She could only realize that the Clements had a child, though they had never been able to have one of their own; while she, whose child it was, had to be alone. At last, bitterly repenting her unnatural gift to outsiders, she could stand it no longer. She informed Matthis that he was a father.

This was a surprise and a shock to him, but he was ready to do his part. Matthis was divorced by his wife so that he could marry Elizabeth and give their child a name. But then, after the wedding, they found that although they now had a name to give, they would not have the child to give it to.

Little Jessie had long ago decided that she liked her foster parents, and had won her way into their hearts, just as if she had been their own. The Clements couple found a happiness with her which was never before theirs, and in turn they had filled all the obligations of parenthood, feeding and clothing the child, and buying her toys and delightful dolls. Already they were planning her education; and they were beginning to forget that she was not their natural daughter.

When the real parents came to them for the return of Jessie, the Clements absolutely refused to give up their adopted child.

The real parents then consulted Probate Judge William H. Leuders at Cincinnati. He told them that the Clements, as the present legal parents, would have to give consent before re-adoption of the child by its true parents would be possible. Again the parents turned to the Clements, who despite a parade of friends and ministers interceding for the Matthises, would not return the child.

There was still the law to be tried. Finally, in December of last year, a suit was filed in the Common Pleas Court of Cincinnati by the incensed Matthises. A settlement failed to come off by Christmas, but so sure were the parents of victory that they put up an evergreen gleaming with tinsel, candles and toys, and invited Jessie over. A big flaxen-haired doll and a carriage failed to delight the little guest, however, for she had much the same things at her "other" home.

The settlement seems to hinge on two questions. One is, whether it is legal to adopt a child born out of wedlock without getting the father's consent. The other is whether, as it is alleged by the parents, the adopters made a false claim in stating that they had custody and care of the child six months before its adoption, as required by law.

The mother said her fears of what "people would say" were played upon at the time so that she would agree to the lie. What makes the affair especially unfortunate for the mother is her assertion that while she was in the lying-in hospital she was sterilized. The only child possible for her, she says, is the one she gave away. If she loses this one, she will learn the bitter lesson that repentance sometimes comes too late.

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Why So Many Women Are Killing Themselves Now-a-Days?

Dr. Laird Explains That the Recent Increase of Suicides Among the Fashionable or Formerly Prominent Is Due to Modern Conditions of Social Competition Unknown to Their Secluded Grandmothers



Mrs. Emily Davies Vanderbilt Whitfield, Once Prominent in Social Circles, Who Tired of That Life, Sought the Bohemian Existence in Paris, Took Up the Arts, and Finally Shot Herself in Her Lonely New Mexican Ranch.



Mrs. Ruth Delafield, Former Junior League President, and Prominent in Social and Charitable Activities, Warned That She Would Have to Rest, Killed Herself.



The Desire to Die in These Women Who Have Had, or Have, "Everything but Happiness," Becomes So Strong, Explains Dr. Laird, That It Is as Though Another Self Were Constantly at Her Ear, Whispering and Urging Her On to Self-Destruction.



Adele Blood Hope, Another Formerly Famous Actress, Whose Suicide Appears to Have Started the Recent Epidemic.



Anna Laughlin, Once Toasted Star of the Stage, Wearied of the World, and Took Gas.



Mrs. Hale Holden, Jr., Socially Prominent Matron, Who Had Everything, It Seemed, to Live For, Hanged Herself.

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.
Psychological Department, Colgate University, Hamilton, New York.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, when she was only sixteen years old, pretty Anna Laughlin danced and sang herself into the hearts of American play-goers as "Dorothy" in Fred Stone's stage version of "The Wizard of Oz." A few days ago an embittered Dorothy of Oz thrust her head into a stove in the kitchen of her New York apartment and turned on the gas.

She left a note that said her daughter had forsaken her, but the heart-broken daughter, Lucy Monroe, herself now a stage and radio star, said she had seen her mother only a few days before she killed herself, that they had been perfectly happy together. She had no financial worries and she killed herself over an imagined quarrel.

Anna Laughlin is only one of a dozen socially or professionally prominent women who have taken their own lives recently in a strange sequence of suicides among women which is astonishing psychologists. The National Save A Life League, an organization dedicated to the eradication of suicide revealed that in New York City alone 325 women killed themselves last year. Just a few less than half as many women killed themselves as did men. Ten years ago, the league reports, four men killed themselves for every woman who took her own life. And thus far in 1937, the suicide rate among women has shown an even greater increase.

The world over, and for centuries past it has been the men who weakened and committed suicide. Now the women seem to be taking on some of the lack of courage to face a troubled world.

It has been known that since before the depression the suicide rate has been climbing steadily among both sexes. All over the world, in fact, the suicide rate has been rising at an alarming rate since the World War, and much of this climb is due to the astonishing increase in self-destruction by women.

In Breslau, Germany, for instance, Professor W. Oppler has analyzed their suicide statistics and discovered that the German increase in suicide since the war was due entirely to women taking their lives.

Scientists are puzzling over this new phenomenon and trying to fathom why women are now apparently manifesting strong tendencies to destroy themselves. Suicide is difficult to study, for the person cannot be talked with after the fatal act has sealed his, or her lips. But for each instance there is always some reason, whether it be adequate or not to justify taking one's own life. Scientists have either to reconstruct the mind of the person as well as they can from evidence left by the suicide, or rely upon the analysis of persons who attempted suicide but who were unfortunately unsuccessful in accomplishing their fatal purpose.

These studies of would-be suicides, as well as of thousands of persons who have never actually attempted to snuff out their own lives, give the startling revelation that a large percentage of the population goes through life with a lingering wish to be dead, a siren-like wish which at times almost assumes material shape, like another self whispering and urging them on to self-destruction. And the increase in suicide among the women would make onlookers suspect that something in our world is nurturing this lure in women until the impulse becomes uncontrollable.

Typical of this is the case of a young woman reported early in 1937 by Dr. Gregory Zilboorg. "She labored." Dr. Zilboorg told his fellow specialists, "under a great need to die. She continued to do her work and to drive her car, after several temptations she finally yielded and ran into a post. She did not die, she was merely bruised; her case could not possibly find its way into the columns of vital statistics, but she was a suicide none the less. There are many accidents, illnesses, self-inflicted through a variety of minor slips and mistakes, which on closer investigation prove to be true suicidal reactions carried out carefully and in accordance with a plan which remained unknown not only to the outside world, but to the victims themselves."

Dr. Karl A. Menninger has also studied many similar instances in which what appeared to be merely accidents were actually unconscious attempts at suicide. It is possible that the accident rate among women drivers of automobiles shows in part not simply that they are poor drivers, but that increasing numbers are of modern women having the death-wish developing to unhealthy proportions so that it entices them into serious highway accidents like some evil spirit beckoning them on to destruction.

The increasing freedom given women in our modern world has been considered as a factor in the growth of their impulses toward self-destruction. All fields of endeavor are open to today's women; they can enter any profession or vocation and compete with men to earn a living, or to reach an accomplishment in which they can take pride. But competition in the world is hard and ruthless. In the old days, if a woman was a poor cook nobody pinpointed her about it except her husband. But today if she is not good in her occupation in the office or factory there are many people who know it, and it adds to her burden of woes until possibly it also adds to the momentum being developed by a submerged death-wish.

This changed position of women in the world even affects the fiendish death-wishes of wealthy and beautiful women who apparently have everything in the world to live for. They may have estates and servants and jewels, true enough, but many of them feel keenly that they do not have one thing which nowadays is expected of women—some accomplishment in which they can excel women and even men. This is apparently a minor matter, but it can give momentum to a progressing death-wish throughout adult life.

With women who have already won a position of accomplishment and wide recognition by their abilities, but who have become forgotten as they became older or as the world no longer gives homage to their particular type of achievement, the same feeling of not being in the swim, of not living up to expectations, will help nurse along the death-wish.

One young woman who had everything the world could offer except happiness shot and killed herself in her lonely New Mexican ranchhouse where she had gone as a last resort hoping that the calm of the ancient desert would bring her calm of her own. She was thirty-three-year-old Emily Davies Whitfield, glamorous and beautiful ex-wife of William H. Vanderbilt. She was wealthy, cultured, talented and had many friends. But she had never been satisfied with life. Finding that society did not give her the thrill she sought, she turned to Parisian Bohemianism, thinking that there, perhaps, she might find something that would make her want to keep on living.

That failed. She tried marriage again, and turned to the theatre and allied arts for something to anchor her. That failed. A third marriage didn't find happiness for her. Finally, despairing, she sought solitude in New Mexico, but solitude palled too. So, wanting death more than life, she placed a gun at her temple and pulled the trigger.

There are many other illustrations of how the competition which the modern woman, with her "new freedom," faces in the world is nurturing the death-wish until it reaches a surging power which she cannot control. The will to die becomes dominant in their personality.

Hale Holden, Jr., wealthy vice-president of the Pullman Co., walked into the bathroom of his Haverford, Pa., home recently, and found the body of his beautiful wife, Josephine Cotton Holden, thirty-three-year-old socially prominent matron, swinging from a linen belt tied around her neck and suspended over the bathroom door. Mrs. Holden, young, beautiful, and with apparently everything to live for, had returned to Haverford from a Winter vacation in Florida just a few days ago. She had seemed happy, even gay the day she killed herself. Holden told authorities. Yet she killed herself, urged on by that strange desire for death that New York's most fashionable hotels had been ill for some time, but not seriously enough to have caused her to kill herself. But she had been forced out of the social life she had known by her illness, and, apparently following the course of so many other women, brooded until the desire to die overcame her desire to live and she killed herself.

Another socially prominent New Yorker, Mrs. Ruth Mathierre Delafield, thirty-eight, former president of the Junior League, who was to have sailed for Europe for a vacation with her mother the following day, shot and killed herself the day before, just a few weeks ago. Mrs. Delafield's motive seems to have been almost exactly the same as Mrs. Cobb's. She had long been socially prominent and had taken part in many social and charitable affairs. But recently she had been troubled with a nervous condition, and doctors had told her she would have to rest up, and slow down. Apparently the European vacation trip which would have completely severed her connection, for the time, with the things she had been doing, brought her desire to die to a head, and she shot and killed herself.

It was the suicide of Adele Blood Hope, who, like Anna Laughlin, was famous on the stage twenty years ago, when she was known as "the most beautiful blonde in America," that appears to have started the present epidemic. But although the Adele Blood Hope who shot and killed herself a few weeks ago had been forgotten by the thousands who once acclaimed her, she still had much to live for.

A few years ago, in France, beautiful Peggy Davis, former Follies Girl, then the wife of wealthy David Townsend, Wall Street broker, and the mother of two children, tossed off a double brandy, left her villa and deliberately drove her beautiful sports car over a high cliff, shattering herself to death on the rocks below. She had everything to live for, it seemed. Yet she chose death. A note left behind explained it all, and explained, psychologists now believe, why so many women who are leading what seem to be lives of luxury with everything in the world to keep on living for, kill themselves. She said, simply, "I'm fed up, nothing ever happens."

Money, children, a husband who loved her, servants, everything she had, couldn't make up for her being out of the excitement, competition and thrill of the theatre life she had known. A business woman, forced to retire from the thrill and accomplishment of business might feel the same. A society woman, forced by her health or some other reason to drop out of the social whirl, might get that same "left out of it" feeling. And with that feeling, subconsciously, the strange desire for death which seems to exist always in some people but which is kept chained as long as they are active.

Once the normal activities of such a person have ceased, and there is time for brooding, this desire may grow out of the subconscious and into the conscious until it becomes overpowering, and the newspapers and grief-stricken relatives ask the question once more:

"Why did she do it? She had everything to live for."

The relatives and the newspapers aren't far wrong. She had everything to live for, except the desire to live.

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United Physically and Spiritually But Split Financially

Rich Mr. Bristol, of Massachusetts, Was Trying to Regenerate Humanity on a Moral Plane, Fascinating Mrs. Randle, of Florida, on a Physical Plane; They Formed a Perfect Combine, but Quarreled on the Financial Plane and Are Now Fighting for $600,000 on the Legal Plane



Millionaire Edgar H. Bristol, Whose System of Rejuvenation and Regeneration Was a Spiritual One and Who Is Being Sued by Mrs. Randle for $600,000.



Members of the English Sun Bathing Society Pursuing Health and Beauty at Petersfield, Hants, England, a System Much Like Mrs. Randle's.



Mrs. Helen Gertrude Randle, Who Boasts That She Is Over Fifty, but Nobody Takes Her for Over Thirty Because of Her Sun, Diet and Play System of Rejuvenation.

MRS. HELEN RANDLE, prescribing a special diet, semi-nude sun baths and a daily "charm cocktail," as she called her lectures, had invented a scheme for uplifting humanity on a physical plane. Millionaire Edgar H. Bristol had a plan for regenerating mankind, on a spiritual plane. The two exchanged ideas, combined their methods into what should surely have been the super-perfect system but they fell out on the financial plane and now Helen wants $600,000 damages for alleged breach of contract and heart.

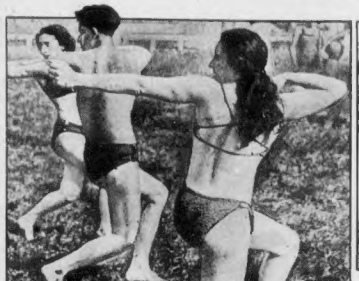
Mrs. Randle, a tall, striking brunette, who looks in her late thirties, astonishes everyone by asserting that she is 57 years old. Some mean, suspicious persons have hinted that she has added 20 years to her real age to make her "youthifying" system seem more impressive. The shock that threw her onto the legal plane, as she tells it, was cruel enough to win big alimony from any husband who has it, and she says that Bristol is her husband, only he won't let her prove it.

Believing that she was really Mrs. Bristol, Helen says she took a train from Avon Park, Florida, where the two had been carrying on a combination of their spiritual and health cults, to meet Mr. Bristol in Boston. Instead of Edgar rushing forward, full of love on both spiritual and physical planes, like a waiter carrying two trays of hot soup one above the other, he wasn't there at all, even in spirit.

He was worse than absent because he was represented by a stony-hearted law clerk, with a power of attorney, authorizing him to surrender her to the authorities in order to release Mr. Bristol's $1,000 bail bond he had put up when she was arrested on charges of illegal practice of medicine.

Mrs. Randle believes that the reason Mr. Bristol turned cold and would not admit he had married her is that a lot of mean persons had been talking about her on the jealousy plane, which everyone knows is about the lowest one there is. As a multimillionaire banker, manufacturer of precision instruments, and owner of large properties in Foxboro and Falmouth, Massachusetts, Bristol is an influential man in that section of New England. His plan for renovating the human race has gone under various names. The New Civilization," "The Cult of Service and Public Generosity" and "The Society of the Open Hand," but the general theme was to develop conscience by giving until it hurts.

As usual when a rich man talks about giving, there was vociferous general approval, at first. They agreed with him that if everyone would develop his conscience until everyone gave instantly to anyone who needed anything, there would be an end to all avarice, greed, crime, worry and most sickness, all people would live happily to be 100 or more and then fall smilingly into the grave. Seeing that everyone agreed with him, Mr. Bristol planned to open his estate at Falmouth for a colony and headquarters, which seems to be the first step in founding a new cult.



France Has Its Sun Societies and Here Are Three Members Going Through an Ancient Greek Gymnastic Drill Near Paris. They Believe in Combining Ancient and Ultra-Modern Ideas.



The Historic Old House at Falmouth, Mass., Which Mr. Bristol Turned Over With Its Spacious Grounds, to Mrs. Randle for Sun, Diet and Health Purposes.

Plenty of people were ready to accept his invitation provided they did not have to go naked or vegetarian. In fact, they didn't want restrictions even on such things as alcohol and tobacco. Some of these volunteers contended that when under the influence of the "demon rum," seemed to be the only times when certain persons had any conscience about giving.

The main trouble was that nearly all these members of the Society of the Open Hand, hadn't anything to give. Their hands were out and open but empty. They knew it was more blessed to give than to receive, but were perfectly willing for the philanthropist to collect all the blessings so long as they got some cash. Seeing the place would probably become a tincan tourist's haven, with everyone expecting free food, gasoline service and maybe a "loan," Bristol gave up his plan.

Of course asking the other fellow to give, never was very popular but the rich man found that he could not even give his own money away without criticism. When he gave to persons in the vicinity whom he knew, others grumbled that he had picked them out because they had flattered him. When he built comfortable homes for several worthy families of whom he had received reports but had never met, there were even louder complaints.

"Look at him giving to strangers," his critics protested. "Charity should begin at home. It's an outrage."

The philanthropist was wondering what to try next when talk arose of granting a bus franchise in the vicinity with everything depending on how much the bus should be allowed to charge.

"Outrageous, extortionate, rapacious, iniquitously-high" were the comments on the minimum fares asked by the various candidates. Mr. Bristol suddenly entered the fray with a proposition that knocked all the others out. He offered to run a bus line without any charges at all. Each passenger would pay only what he thought the ride was worth to him.

It was called the "conscience line" because everyone's conscience was his guide as to what, if anything, he should pay. Nobody gave until it hurt and, according to other bus companies it was a charity line because conscience is a myth. The philanthropist was accused of unfair competition and injuring business.

One day, however, a passenger paid $10 for a ride and Mr. Bristol thought that at last the great awakening of public conscience had started. However, the story goes that this conscientious passenger was under the influence of liquor at the time and when sober regretted his deed. It is said that he rode free for 200 trips in order to get over the hurt of his generosity.

These disappointments did not shake Mr. Bristol's faith in his plan but, being a practical business man, he saw that something was lacking in its application. Just then he met the charming and magnetic Mrs. Randle who convinced him that she knew the answer.

Man had a soul, existing on a moral and spiritual plane but he also had an animal body from which it could only be divorced by death. It was not much use trying to get the soul to behave while tormented by the ill health of the body it inhabits.

That is where she was an expert. She made people go around partly naked so their skin would get plenty of sun, had fat and old people play children's games like ring-around-a-rosy to get them young mentally as well as physically.

Also she was a fascinating speaker, giving her patients or "students" as she prefers to call them, a physical pep talk every noon known as a "charm cocktail." Alcohol, tobacco and hats were forbidden.

But where she claimed to be above and beyond all nudists, health-culturists and other cultists, lay in her skill as a dietitian. Anyone can buy books telling what to serve for a balanced diet. But Mrs. Randle said those diets were not balanced at all because today the vegetables on the market are not grown in balanced soil. By balancing the soil, she balanced the diet of the vegetables, which in turn balanced her customers' diet and only in such balanced persons would Mr. Bristol have a chance to balance souls in a position properly perpendicular to the highest moral and spiritual planes.

She told him a long string of important and scientific positions she had held, including head technician of the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley's private laboratory, and some of her printed literature quoted that famous food expert as stating that if she was not already, she soon would be, the world's greatest authority on diet. Mr. Bristol ought to see that her system was better than his because, though without capital, she made a fine living out of it, whereas he, though a millionaire, and in spite of heavy losses, had not made his work.

Mr. Bristol looked into the magnetic eyes of the lovely widow and saw a great light lying there. If they could only combine their systems they would have the super-perfect cult. She consented and it is a matter of dispute whether they sealed this combine with a kiss or not. First came some financing which was the Massachusetts man's job. He provided a hotel at Avon Park, Florida, furnishing and landscaping it. Also he reopened and refitted his abandoned cult colony at Falmouth and financed Mrs. Randle's body-building plant at Hendersonville, North Carolina.

Everything was just about to go splendidly when evil thoughts began to creep in on that jealousy plane. She says that the medical profession, foreseeing that soon the world would be free of all sickness and therefore all doctors would have to lean on shovels with the WPA workers, had her arrested on three counts of illegal practice of medicine. Mr. Bristol did not mind putting up $1,000 bail but jealous friends began telling him things about her which she says were not true.

They told him that Dr. Wiley's two secretaries had denied that he had ever had a private laboratory, that Mrs. Harvey W. Wiley had never heard of Mrs. Randle and that the editor of the leading dietetic journal had never heard her called the country's leading expert on that line. Market men were quoted as saying that those mineralized and balanced vegetables came right out of their regular bins.

Mr. Bristol was told that complaints had been lodged against her, charging illegal practice of medicine at Ocean City, New Jersey, and other disturbing reports.

Mrs. Randle had a feeling that all was not well last Winter when Bristol, instead of pouring more money into the Avon Park enterprise, let the mortgage holders foreclose on it and let the Hendersonville rebuilt-body plant also close. Mrs. Randle is said to have made $200 to $500 each from her numerous lectures, but the sanitaria were not yet on a paying basis. Some of Mrs. Randle's most profitable lectures have the following appealing titles:

"How to attain success and make of yourself the great person you are capable of being."

"Streamlining one's figure and youthifying one's face."

"A new face and hip line."

"How women can keep eternally young."

"Life begins at 50—youth at 60."

"How to be young at 90 and have virility at 100."

With the two Southern sanitaria folding up, Mrs. Randle hurried North to explain the need for lots more money and understood that Mr. Bristol would meet her at the train in Boston. When instead, she was met by that horrid man to surrender her to the authorities, she realized that the great spiritual and physical partnership was broken beyond repair.

Putting up $1,000 bail out of her own pocket, she brought suit against the philanthropist, demanding that he open his hand to the extent of $500,000 for alleged breach of contract. Her claim on this count is that he had given her half the stock in the Avon Park and Falmouth enterprises with a guarantee of at least $50,000 a year for the rest of her life. Because he had withdrawn his financial support from them both the stock had become worthless.

The other $100,000 she charges is due her for deception and seduction. Mrs. Randle relates that one day at a hotel in New York City, she mentioned that some of her friends were hinting that their relationship was more than platonic and they ought to be married. Her story is that Bristol said he would fix that right up, called in a man he stated was a notary public, who had them sign a long document and then took it away to file at City Hall, assuring them that it made them man and wife.

Nothing of the kind seems to have been filed, it wouldn't have been legal if it had and Mr. Bristol denies any such occurrence.

It now appears that Mr. Bristol has never been divorced from his first wife. She sued for divorce in 1922, charging that though her husband was generous to a fault to outsiders he was tightfisted to an even greater fault with her. But almost at the end of the trial, Mrs. Bristol became ill and was taken away to a sanitarium. Most everyone supposed that the divorce had gone through but it had not, and not long ago, Mrs. Bristol recovered entirely and was welcomed back to her home.

Both Helen and Edgar feel quite sick over the suit. It may be more blessed to give than to receive but both are painful when done on the legal plane.

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A CLOROX-CLEAN HOME IS A SAFER PLACE TO LIVE IN!



MODERN METHODS IN HOME-SANITATION ARE ESSENTIAL FOR HEALTH PROTECTION

Noted Health Authority Says Use of Efficient Disinfectant in Household Cleaning Tasks Will Cut Down Spread of Infection

In an interview recently published, one of America's leading health officials made this startling statement:

"The average housewife would be insulted if she were told that her home was not clean, but experiments carried out on dishes and clothing washed in the home bring out undeniable evidence that many of our cleaning methods commonly employed today are antiquated and ineffectual.

"Not, if you please, because she does not try, but because some of her methods are not based on scientific information.

"For the kitchen itself, not only the refrigerator needs careful attention, but the sink, drainboards and tables on which food is prepared require thorough cleaning.

"Carefully controlled experiments show a high bacterial count on these articles. Proper disinfection of all these things, including, of course, towels, dish towels, handkerchiefs, mops and utensils, would cut down the chance of spreading infection.

"Using more rinse waters, with the addition of an efficient sodium hypochlorite, or other disinfectant, or boiling water, will result in a much more hygienic approach to the question of home sanitation."

CLOROX represents the modern, advanced conception of home cleanliness. In bleaching, deodorizing, disinfecting and removing numerous stains Clorox is helping millions of women to attain the highest standards of household cleanliness by safe and easy methods.

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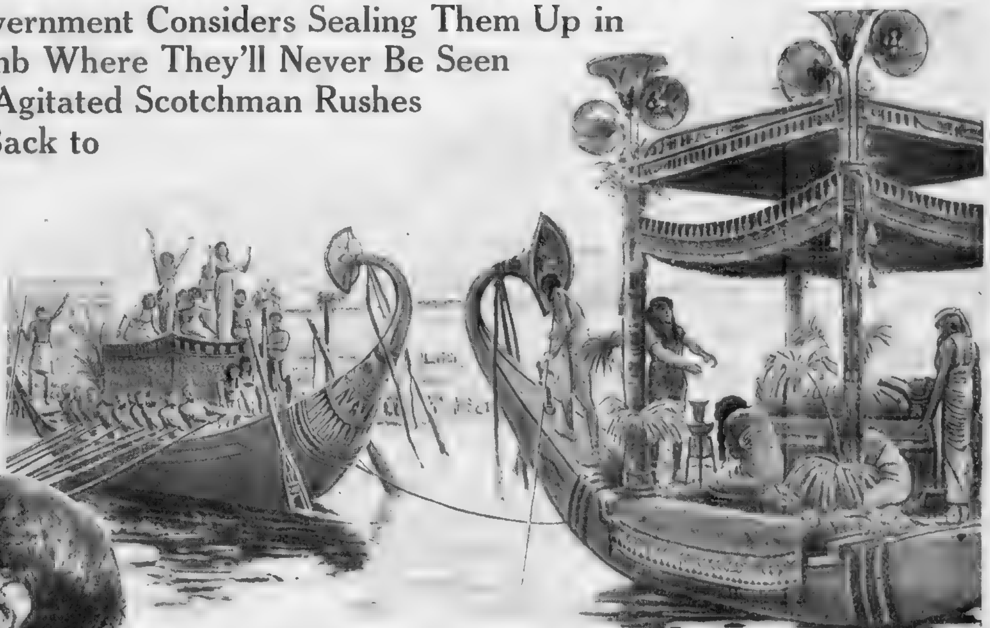
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To Pacify The Pharaohs By Reburying Their Mummies

The Egyptain Government Considers Sealing Them Up in a Fine New Tomb Where They'll Never Be Seen Again, While an Agitated Scotchman Rushes a Royal Bone Back to Egypt to Escape the "Curse of Tutankhamen"



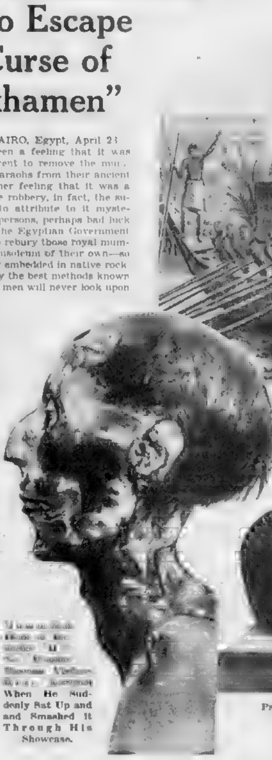
The Stately Funeral Procession of an Ancient Pharaoh Moving Along the Nile, as Painted by the English Artist F. Matania. But If the Royal Mummies Are Reburied the Spectacle Might Be the Most Impressive in History.

CAIRO, Egypt, April 23

FOR years there has been a feeling that it was [illegible] proper nor decent to remove the mummies [illegible] great Pharaohs from their ancient tombs. Outside of the finer feeling that it was a [illegible], glorified grave robbery, in fact, the su[illegible] were inclined to attribute to it myste[illegible] disasters to various persons, perhaps bad luck [illegible] Egypt itself. So now the Egyptian Government [illegible] a proposal to rebury those royal mummies in a splendid new mausoleum of their own—so deep in the earth, so firmly embedded in native rock [illegible] thoroughly sealed by the best methods known [illegible] the eyes of men will never look upon [illegible]

Meanwhile, a peculiar [illegible] of misfor[illegible] faraway Scot[illegible] revived the old [illegible] that "Death [illegible] swift wings [illegible] who toucheth the [illegible] of a Pharaoh!" Re[illegible] that the "curse of Tutankhamen" is already supposed to have claimed twenty victims Sir Alexander Seton has just announced that he is going to return a bone of one of the Pharaohs to its original tomb, [illegible] away.

[illegible]



[illegible] When He Suddenly Sat Up and Smashed It Through His Showcase.

[illegible] the costly services of a doctor. Sir Alexander's ancestral manor [illegible] A [illegible] very best [illegible] were smashed to smithereens one night for no apparent reason. Servants walk right in and out again, as if the house were a railroad waiting-room. And to cap the climax, one of the best maids they ever had threw a [illegible] fit because she thought she saw a ghost and plunged head over [illegible] the stairs, breaking her leg in two places.

Sir Alexander has been offered good money for that relic of one of the Pharaohs, but he says he is taking no chances. It goes back to Egypt as [illegible] there, for, he says [illegible] business has got to stop.

But in considering the proposal to rebury the Pharaohs, the Egyptian Government's principal idea is to make amends for the indignities that have been heaped upon their mummies, not [illegible] but by robbers [illegible] of long ago. Of course, [illegible] official recognition of [illegible] of the supernatural, nor be un[illegible] swayed by them, although it has had trouble enough of its own, and [illegible] exceptionally fine museum [illegible]

[illegible] used to keep [illegible] in a glass case, [illegible] along with a number [illegible] ancestors, contemporary [illegible] descendants.

[illegible]'s greatest kings, Rameses II [illegible] to have ruled during [illegible] "Bondage" of the Israelites, [illegible] was the Pharaoh [illegible] them to make [illegible]

[illegible] is a curiously [illegible] as he lay in his glass case [illegible] Cairo Museum, his [illegible] to be curled back scorn[illegible] came to stare [illegible] of the Great [illegible] time of [illegible] ka"—the [illegible] believed by the ancient Egyptians to hover through [illegible] a mummy, to punish [illegible] it or insulted it?

[illegible] but at any rate, something terrifying finally happened. One afternoon the mummy case was surrounded by the usual crowd of chattering sightseers, when all at once there was a sound "like somebody being choked to death, or having his throat cut," followed by the crash of shattering glass. Panic seized the [illegible] in their desire to get away from that place, they battered down doors and partitions some of them jumping from windows and balconies. In a few seconds no one remained in the great halls except a few men and women crushed into unconsciousness or fatally injured by the fleeing mob.

According to the Director-General of Antiquities, when he arrived at the scene this is what he saw:

"The mummy had risen to a sitting position. Its jaws were half opened and its arms were thrust out of the glass case. It held in its right hand the whip of Osiris, the Divine Herdsman, and the face was turned toward the north."

Experts called in to find some scientific explanation decided that after the mummy had been accustomed for thousands of years to the dry atmosphere of its desert tomb, the change to the damp climate of Cairo had caused it to show "a violent momentary reaction."

There is no doubt about it having been violent. For over a year the authorities could not find a native who would take a job as keeper, and they had to pay large sums to the families of those who were killed or injured.

But people who believe in the supernatural were convinced that the terrifying occurrence was caused by the old Pharaoh's double, just as they believe that King Tut's double has taken revenge for the opening of his tomb. It is true that Lord Carnarvon, who headed the expedition to open King Tut's tomb, and paid for the work, died before it was completed—it was said as the result of a mysterious insect bite. Furthermore, nineteen of his associates, or relatives of his associates, have died under mysterious circumstances, two of them committing suicide, in the belief, it was said, that the curse had fallen upon them.

No people in history have ever given as much attention to their dead as the ancient Egyptians. They believed that after the soul had passed on to the Halls of the Dead, it could only be happy so long as the body it left behind continued to be comfortable, and retained, as nearly as possible, the same form and features it had during life.

In the form of a "ba-bird" the soul was supposed to slip out of the Halls of the Dead, now and then, and fly back to the tomb, for an occasional inspection—just to make sure the mummy was contented.



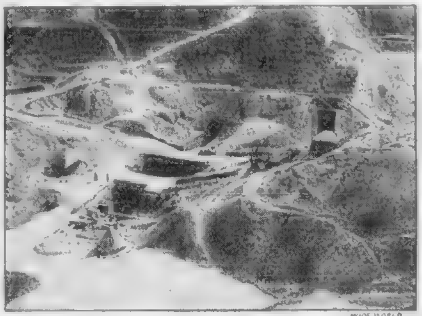
Painting of the Soul as a "Ba-Bird," Making a Periodic Inspection of Its Mummy to See If All Is Well—But What a Commotion If All the Ba-Birds of the Old Pharaohs, Some Hating Each Other, Returned at the Same Time to the Same Tomb.

So the Egyptians became the most skillful embalmers the world has ever known, built tombs that were intended to last forever, and placed beside each mummy all the familiar objects that had been used during life—swords, chariots, chairs, couches, cups, plates, razors, burnished bronze mirrors, and even cosmetics, as well as a supply of food and drink.

The Pharaohs of course, were buried in the most enduring tombs. But being Kings, they had to be surrounded in death with the same luxuries they had in life, ornaments and household furnishings made of gold and incrusted with jewels, and for this reason their supposedly unbreakable mausoleums were often rifled soon after the last mourner had departed.

However strong a religious belief may be, there are always scoffers, and in this case the scoffers who were not afraid of the dead kings' doubles were some of the workmen who had built those tombs, and helped seal them. Feeling themselves underpaid, they evidently left secret passages, for there is evidence that in a number of instances they came back in the night, broke open the royal coffins and tore the mummies into pieces, in their search for valuable ornaments.

Time after time, gangs of professional bandits also invaded the "Valley of Kings," that vast imperial cemetery on the Theban plain, overlooking the Nile, and during the latter part of the Egyptian Empire, this robbing of royal graves became such a public scandal that living kings frequently had to have the fragments of the dead ones gathered up and secretly moved from first one hiding place to another. Each time, the mutilated mummies would be reverently repaired, as best they could, and because the religion required that a mummy always have with it various sacred talismans and amulets, they would be rebandaged each time with a new set of gold ornaments only to attract new bands of vandals.



WIDE WORLD

The Pharaohs' Royal Cemetery in the Desolate "Valley of the Kings," Showing Entrances to the Original Tombs of Seti I, Rameses II and Tutankhamen. Somewhere Here It Is Proposed to Make the New Tomb.

Eventually, most of the royal mummies now in the Cairo Museum—those that the present government may soon rebury—were assembled in two groups, perhaps many years apart, and each group so well hidden that three centuries passed before anyone could find them.

But in the Summer of 1875, a simple Arab cave-dweller named Abd-er-Rassul ran across some small chips of stone, bearing marks apparently made by a chisel, mixed with the pow[illegible] rock and sand at the base of a cliff near Deir-el-Bahari. He was not an educated man, but he was shrewd enough to guess at the significance of clues that had been ignored by far wiser men. Convinced that the markings could not have been made by erosion, he followed the trail of chipped stone, and finally uncovered a vault in which glittering mummy cases were stacked up like trunks in a baggage room. Every foot of space was taken up with piles of priceless ornaments and burial equipment, obviously left there in a great hurry, thousands of years ago.

The Arab's sense of property rights was so vague it was not at all troublesome, but he knew if he told about this wealth somebody would claim it, and he was bothered about how to benefit by his find. He was sure to arouse suspicion if he tried to peddle anything more valuable than a basket of eggs or a handful of figs. So he went to Cairo, and after loitering some time around the bazaars he made a deal with a "fence" who agreed to [illegible] anything that was brought [illegible] and no questions asked. Thus the invaluable funeral finery of the Pharaohs was presently [illegible]

It took the authorities some time to discover what was going on, and still more time to get the secret out of Abd-er-Rassul. For two months [illegible] kept him in jail, threatening him with all kinds of punishment, even torture. It was a curious, exasperating situation. This ignorant Arab had stumbled upon the greatest archeological discovery of modern times. He knew the hiding place of the mummies of some of the greatest kings of Egypt, but he refused to tell. Finally the author[illegible]

[illegible] 1881, and a few years later another group of royal kings were found in a [illegible] hiding place along with [illegible] relatives and an additional batch of [illegible]

Perhaps the only archeological discovery that [illegible] impor[illegible] "Oppression" and "Bondage" of the Jews. Seti I, whose daughter or some close relative was probably the princess who found Moses in the bulrushes, and Rameses II, who was probably the Pharaoh who finally allowed Moses to lead the Children of Israel to the Promised Land.

Other royal mummies were discovered at later dates, and if all now in the Cairo Museum are to be reburied in one place, a number of interesting questions quite naturally will come up. They can be entombed in such a way as to be safe forever from prying eyes and grave-robbers. A shaft could be sunk in the desert, straight down a hundred feet or more through the sub strata of soli[illegible] hollowed [illegible] could be a stirring [illegible] with the larg[illegible] ceremonial barg[illegible] bearing the kingly [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] be surrounded, as they once were, by all the precious objects they thought they must have to rest in peace, particularly the gold ornaments and the jewels [illegible]

[illegible]

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Saturday Night At The Zoo

Amusing and Unusual Photographs of the Weekly Scrubbing Party in London's Big Park



One of the Alligators Having Its Teeth Cleaned in the Absence of the Native Birds That Perform This Rite for Him at Home.



"Lulu," the Lady Chimp, Has Another Lady to Wash Her Arms and Behind Her Ears on Saturday Night



"Pinkus," the Little Elephant, Doesn't Mind His Face Being Scrubbed as Long as a Bucket of Mush Is Placed Handy.

LONDON, April 2.

IN THE [illegible] of American [illegible] to [illegible]. "[illegible] is Saturday night and I [illegible] to take a bath." Over in the London Zoo [illegible] still the night of soapsuds and hot water, of washcloths, [illegible] brushes and towels, for the elephant babies, Percy Penguin and Harry Shoebill; Billy the Hippopotamus, Lulu the Chimp who, like a growing youngster, must be washed thoroughly behind the ears, and the others.

[illegible] Saturday nights at the London Zoo, where one of the largest collections of wild animals in the world is housed, the keepers are especially busy cleaning, washing and polishing up their [illegible]. By using their own activities as a measuring stick they have figured out the mystery of how old Mr. Noah and his children spent their time during the 150 days and nights in which they cruised around on the Ark, looking for some place to go.

"The way I figure it out is this," said one of the keepers last Saturday night as he rolled up his sleeves preparatory to combing out a mountain goat's luxuriant whiskers.

"Mr. Noah and his kids didn't have [illegible]. They probably [illegible] ever take time out for an occasional game of checkers. Every minute of the day must have been spent washing [illegible] their animals.

"We've got a lot of animals [illegible] and we spend a [illegible]

[illegible]



The Hippopotamus Takes Her Saturday Night Digestive Pill, Washed Down by a Can of Water



"Percy," the Penguin, Is Moulting and Has to Be Attended To Daily During This Process. Mrs. Percy, His Mate, Who Has Finished the Process, Looks On



"Harry" the Shoebill's Beak Getting a Washing and a Polishing

[illegible] all the horns [illegible] giraffes on the [illegible] of the [illegible] spent at least a full day bathing them [illegible] the scrubbing surface [illegible] other animals on the [illegible] what poor Noah [illegible]

[illegible] London Zoo [illegible] have a busy day on Saturdays. Thousands of [illegible]. But they have an even more trying day on Sundays, for then the zoo is crowded with visitors who themselves are [illegible] freshly tubbed and dressed in their Sunday best. For this reason the most critical attention is paid to every animal on Saturday night when it gets its weekly bath.

This is a point of honor with the keepers. They [illegible] never place them [illegible] embarrassing position [illegible] London youngster may point [illegible] finger at one of their charges and protest indignantly to the [illegible]. He didn't have to take a bath last night, why did I?"

Many of the animals enjoy their Saturday night tubbing and sprucing [illegible] London Zoo [illegible] exceptions [illegible] Lulu the [illegible] be practi[illegible] a particularly difficult bit [illegible] Lucius the [illegible] may be doing his daily shadow boxing when the keepers reach their names on the bath list. [illegible] cius or one of the other [illegible] protest a lot about [illegible] but the keepers are [illegible] compromise is generally worked out somehow.

This was done in the case of Pinkus the elephant. Pinkus is a decided individualist among pachyderms. He prefers to take his bucket of mush [illegible] ly and thoughtfully at [illegible] each evening while mulling over the events of the day. This is all right with the keepers on six nights of the [illegible] but not on Saturdays. [illegible] on the list for a tubbing and [illegible] bing at exactly eight o'clock on Saturday nights.

[illegible] was brewing in the elephant house, a crisis—a veritable impasse. That [illegible] Saturday night when he began to eat [illegible] ment as if either Pinkus' [illegible] or that of his keeper would have to knuckle under. Both stood equally firm until a cool headed bystander advanced a happy solution. "[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] aloof from the [illegible] and adopt [illegible] when the [illegible] brushes [illegible] bathe [illegible] keepers [illegible]

The hippo[illegible] n for special [illegible] spends a lot of time [illegible] is a [illegible]

[illegible]

Unblushing Confessions of a

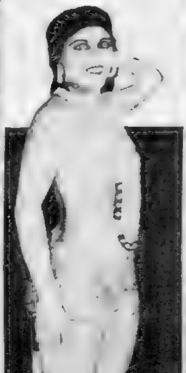
Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen, Reveals
She Made Her Rich Lovers Pay for H
Tosse



La Belle Otero as "La Dominicaine," in Which She Made a Great Success in Paris Opera.



The Public Bathing Beach at Juan-les-Pins on the French Riviera. Otero Had a Villa and a Private Beach Nearby.



Mlle. Suzy O'Nil, Who Persuaded the Artist Domergue to Strip Off His Clothes and Take a Swim From Otero's Private Bathing Beach.



Jean Gabriel Domergue, the Fashionable Parisian Painter, Who Took a Swim in His Birthday Suit in Front of Otero's Villa and Was Dragged to Court by the Indignant Dancer.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gipsy mother, of my wretched home life and how I ran away with a boy sweetheart. Almost with my first stage engagement I found a rich admirer, a banker, who set me up in an apartment and loaded me with jewels.

Surfeited with this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage, I left my rich banker friend and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard, but his parents separated us.

Foolishly I married a handsome baritone singer, a decayed Italian Count, who gambled away all I had saved and then disappeared. But I recouped the fortunes of myself, my maid and my dog by triumphal engagements in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and New York, and, incidentally became the sweetheart of a very rich German banker. Then followed a tour of Hungary, Rumania and Russia, with a distressing experience with one Russian Prince and an affair with a very rich one.

CHAPTER VI.

By CAROLINE OTERO.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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GAMBLING and extravagances had reduced me almost to my last franc although I had an excellent engagement at the Paris Folies-Bergere. At the Palais de Glace one day my friend Jacques Riberner introduced to me a stolid, red-haired Englishman.

"He is a bit of a freak, your Englishman," I murmured to Riberner.

"Probably—but he is rich," he answered, lowering his voice.

"As rich as all that?"

"You can't imagine how rich!"

This admirably wealthy but phlegmatic person showed me much attention, and after a time, invited me to lunch with him at Durand's. I accepted.

That night, Riberner came to see me in my dressing-room at the Folies-Bergere and told me I had made a tremendous impression on his Englishman.

"What Englishman? Thompson?" asked a friend who was present. "Well, you're lucky—you've fallen on your feet. He is not pretty-pretty, one admits—but he's frightfully rich."

The burden of every song seemed to be the same.

Next day, at Durand's, Thompson was as stolid as ever, but very obviously interested in me. Towards the end of luncheon, I told him I must go off to keep an appointment.

"No, no, stay here," he said, "your appointment is nothing urgent."

"It is very urgent indeed!" I answered. "It is to collect a 40,000 francs advance to pay a dressmaker's bill."

The Englishman looked at me as calmly as though we were discussing the price of the luncheon.

"If you need 40,000 francs, I can give them to you," he said, "on condition you do not keep this appointment and come with me to London tonight."

"Impossible. I am playing every night at the Folies-Bergere."

"I will pay your forfeit."

My Englishman did not waste words.

"Then I must telephone at once if I am not to rehearse today!"

"Telephone."

And, leaving Thompson phlegmatically smoking a cigar, I went to the telephone.

First, my dressmaker.

"Hullo!—I do not owe you anything. But I want you at once to make out a bill for 40,000 francs. I shall come round and pay it on the spot. You understand?"

And then to Marchand at the Folies-Bergere:

"Hullo! Tell everyone that I am ill, that I can't play again for another week! I shall come round presently with 50,000 francs forfeit. Naturally, that belongs to me."

I went back to Thompson, and everything happened "according to plan"; a check to the dressmaker, who slipped into my hand an acknowledgment that the money was not hers but mine: and 50,000 francs forfeit in cash to Marchand, who managed to hand them over to me before I left him.

I passed a week in London with my stolid Englishman. At the end of it, when we both returned to Paris, I told him I must take up my Folies-Bergere work again. It appeared that he had had a varied career, had been a messenger, boxer, reporter, commissionaire, cashier and various other things, and now, having passed some years in the frenzied pursuit of a fortune, he intended to spend it in the way that best pleased him. He believed that everything in the world can be had for money—except love. He didn't ask for that, but he made it clear that where his affections are concerned there must be no rival in any shape or form.

I knew therefore what his reply would be when, on our return to Paris, I told him I must take up my work at the Folies-Bergere again.

I had many times longed for a house on the Champs Elysees. And here I was, at 27 Rue Pierre Charron, rented by my English admirer. Oh, the lovely things there were there! Really, this Englishman was chic; he did know what's what.

It is not as if I were so very kind to him. I was indifferent in manner—perhaps that is what he liked.

At any rate I was at the moment transformed into the mistress of an enormous house. I who had always said how well a Bohemian life suited me, perfectly at ease at passing eighteen servants in review, pulling up this one for something, pointing out errors to that one. All my criticisms were reasonable and nobody resented them. As for Thompson, he was in the seventh heaven, and never tired of watching me. All the same, his stolidity got on my nerves. There were days when I needed all my power of will to prevent sending my Englishman packing to five hundred thousand devils.

One day, after luncheon, during which Thompson had never departed from decorum for an instant, I felt the absolute need of a few hours without him.

"I'm going out," I told him, "until five."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Bois."

"I will come with you."

"No, I mean to drive myself, and there's no room for you."

"Then I will take the victoria and I can follow you."

"No, that's impossible. I shall want the victoria as soon as I get in."

"Then I will take the brougham."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I mean to go where you go, my dear child. I can follow."

Now and then there were little excitements. I recall a great to-do about a little matter one day. I sent my maid to pay a bill at Ildebourg's. She only settled part of the account, instead of paying up the whole of it, and you can hardly imagine the complications that resulted since. She fancied that the balance would be added on to their next bill, and that I would not even notice it. Instead of that, these imbeciles from Ildebourg's thought fit to come to the house and "collect" the missing amount.

If they had asked for it by mail in the ordinary way there would be no objections. But their shopman [illegible]ment in the most insolent manner. Convinced that I had already paid, and strong in my sense of being in the right, I protested violently and declared that nothing would induce me to pay twice. The consequence was that these people accosted me publicly as soon as I arrived at the races next day [illegible] paid on the spot. [illegible] private residence. [illegible] follow us back to the Rue Pierre [illegible] Ildebourg could think of nothing better [illegible] insult her client, calling me a [illegible] worse.

I would not have [illegible] if I had not given as good [illegible] believe I am [illegible] full-blooded Spani[illegible] called. It is not safe [illegible]

Thompson, who was there [illegible] me. Mme. Ildebourg shrieked [illegible] Oh, it was a wonderful [illegible]

"Beg Madame's pard[illegible]" shouted Thompson with his atrocious English accent.

Naturally, an action [illegible] followed. But what was one more [illegible] All the papers were full of the [illegible] have been worth a [illegible] to both me and to the [illegible] alone.

But on the whole life [illegible] palace.

One morning [illegible] when Betty, my maid [illegible] a youth called Payen [illegible] out to supper [illegible]

My Dear Nina:

Goodbye—and forgive me. I have made one last effort to win your love, and it has failed. Now I go to another world, a world where I shall not suffer. I love you more than all the world. I wish you every possible [illegible] and may death bring happiness to you.

Once more [illegible] At first I [illegible] killing myself before your eyes. But [illegible] I could not bring myself to give you the least pain, so I am going to the Bois, where I had the delight of seeing you for the first time.

Adieu! My last thought [illegible] of you. I enclose a note for Aragon—perhaps you will pass it on to him?

Adieu, Nina, adieu. I shall wait for you on the other side, where there are no friends and [illegible]

A heart that worships you.

J. PAYEN

[illegible]

[illegible] Forgive me. I can't go on [illegible] more [illegible]

J. PAYEN

It [illegible] safe to say that [illegible] suicides seldom carry [illegible] Still I was haunted by this [illegible] it frightened me.

[illegible] Calmette, whom I met [illegible] said to me:

"My [illegible] Ninette, you are too sensitive [illegible] there's not the slightest danger. When [illegible] suicide one doesn't go about [illegible]"

"Oh yes, I know that stock argument [illegible]"

"[illegible] I know," I said with [illegible] me the same thing. [illegible] he does it."

"[illegible] write you a letter like this [illegible]

"[illegible] I took advantage of Thompson [illegible] to have supper with him. I [illegible] and [illegible] the poor boy who thought I [illegible] was disappointed."

"[illegible] your remorseful conscience [illegible] tell him you will see him tonight," said Calmette.

"[illegible] I'm supping tonight with Thompson [illegible] I don't want to see the poor lad [illegible]"

"[illegible] let him go hang. It's sheer [illegible] to write like that."

After this talk with Calmette, I felt a little easier. It was Sunday. I went to Long[illegible] with Thompson and thought no more of my [illegible] After the races, we met some friends at Fouquet's. Everyone was very gay, there was a good deal of chaff, and I never thought once of the morning's letter. A long way off, we could [illegible]

"Famous "Gold Digger"

With Astonishing Frankness How [illegible] er Favors and Then Foolishly [illegible] d Away Her Money and Jewels as Fast as She Acquired Them

WITH a frankness hardly to be matched anywhere, Madame Caroline Otero, footlight favorite of a generation ago, has told the story of her extraordinary life—as a stage star and a calculating adventuress

But if La Belle Otero beguiled rich men and sold her charms to them for [illegible] and money, Fate pursued the pretty Spanish dancer and stripped her [illegible] the profits of her adventures

[illegible] since my childhood," says Otero, "I have been accustomed to see [illegible] man who passed me light with desire. Many women will be [illegible] to hear that I have taken this as homage. Is it so despicable [illegible] the flower whose perfume people long to inhale, the fruit they long to taste?"

La Belle Otero followed that policy of life and she now finds herself forlorn and alone. Gone are her jewels and her sweethearts

[illegible] suicides Mme. Otero lists of men who killed themselves on her account, but how many homes she broke up, how many lovers were driven to financial ruin to win her smiles, she does not catalog. Otero's memoirs printed on these pages preach their own moral lesson



"Everyone was very gay, there was a good deal of chaff. A long way off, we could hear newsboys coming up the Champs Elysees, crying out some sensational news. Suddenly, as they came nearer, I made out the words

"'Suicide of La Belle Otero!'

"I was terrified. The newspaper boys came into the cafe itself, crying 'Suicide of La Belle Otero!'

"'Do you hear, Nina? What a lovely idea!' my friends cried, laughing.

"'Buy me a paper—quick!' I said."



The French Cafe Restaurant "Pavillon Chinois," Where Otero's Lovesick Admirer, M. Payen, Shot Himself.

newspapers coming up the Champs Elysees, crying out some sensational news. Suddenly, as they came nearer, I made out the words:

"Suicide of la belle Otero!"

I was terrified. The newspaper boys came into the [illegible] fe itself, crying, "Suicide of la belle Otero!"

"Do you hear, Nina? What a lovely idea!" my friends cried, laughing.

"Buy me a paper—quick!" I said.

[illegible] out of my mind when I remembered [illegible]. Feverishly I snatched the paper [illegible] the dramatic contents. J. Payen had [illegible] with a revolver in front of the Chinese Pavilion, on the spot where he had seen [illegible] the first time.

[illegible] and most [illegible]. Jacques Riberner remained be[illegible] and listened to the various com[illegible] party after I had gone. I put them [illegible] he repeated them to me.

"The poor boy! It's horrible! There's the re[illegible] Otero's coquetries!"

"Or a victim of his own temperament. The man must have been a simpleton!"

"He is some wretch whom the sun of Africa has driven crazy."

"See what these new ways bring us to, this [illegible] period we live in! You hear of nothing [illegible] theatre-folk, dances, music-hall stars. [illegible] open a paper without reading of their [illegible] jewels, the parties they give. Our [illegible] are their biographers. They have [illegible] they have taken up with that one; [illegible] lawsuits with their tradesmen; they win [illegible] lose at play; they have backed a horse [illegible] they have been walking in the [illegible] they have lost a pearl necklace an[illegible] found it the day after that—decadence, decadence."

That's always the cry in every decade. We think our own generation decadent because we know so little about the generation before it."

"You're not going to say that the doings of [illegible] women are important? There are other women more interesting, surely?"

"There are two kinds of women—the kind that everyone talks of and the kind that nobody does. [illegible] want a reporter to inform you how Mrs. X [illegible] up her children or how Mrs. Y. de[illegible] husband. What about the privacy of [illegible]"

"In short, it is the courtesans who brighten the d[illegible] with their fantastic doings!"

"[illegible] one need not live in a specially [illegible] oneself for love. That has always happened."

"[illegible] star of the Folies-Bergere? Own up, old man! People are not as simple as all that."

"God knows what she did to the poor devil, to bring him to such a pass."

"That's where you're wrong! She never gave him any encouragement. He met her one day outside the Chinese Pavilion. It was a regular thunderbolt. He took a stage-box at the Folies and sent her round an envelope with ten thousand francs in it. She sent it back to him."

"Tell that to someone else."

"No, I tell you she did refuse it."

"To get more later, then."

"No, no, come! Thompson is as jealous as a tiger, and he gives her everything she wants. Why should she mess up a situation of that sort for ten thousand francs? To gratify a whim, that's different, but—"

"One has no right to inflame a man and then to give him nothing."

"No right? You are absurd. It's their job to inflame, to captivate. That's just what's asked of them. They can't be expected to know when they've hit upon a simple soul who thinks everything is bound to follow if they smile at him."

"If it meant so much to him, it wouldn't have hurt her to be a little less austere."

"You're getting involved. See where that leads you. Is it enough, do you think, to say to any woman 'Attention, please! If you refuse all I ask, I mean to kill myself!' What a life, my dear chap, for a beautiful woman!"

"It's all very well to talk. The thing is heart-rending."

"Agreed. But how can one prevent a youngster from losing his head because he attaches more importance to bright eyes and scarlet lips than they deserve?"

"Then the thing ought to be hushed up."

"And the journalists, whose job it is to tell us all that happens?"

"And the dear public, that licks its lips over a really spicy scandal?"

"It's shameful to think how this poor wretch's death will advertise that Spanish dancer! For a woman like that, a death means no more than another pearl in her necklace, or another red flower for her adornment."

It may be imagined that the reporters besieged me to interview me about this tragic affair, and that the papers talked endlessly about the suicide of poor Payen. The moralists burst forth into righteous indignation, and showed the utmost tender-heartedness over the fate of the young Chasseur d'Afrique who burnt himself at the flames of Parisian life.

I had never been attracted by the poor boy. His insistence only wearied me. If I went to supper with him once, it was simply because I was a little touched by his reproaches heaped upon me for my "coquetry," I had done everything in my power to discourage him. I judged myself much more severely than any outsider, and my own conscience told me that I was not responsible for this death. It grieved me deeply. One might at least have given me credit for not remaining unmoved by the tragedy of the death of a boy of twenty-three, who killed himself because he could not endure a love-trouble.

By his desperate action, Payen came into my life against my will. I often think of him and pity him: his memory is held in sorrowful respect, because of the sincerity of his emotion. As I write, I have before me some of the little notes he wrote me. The yellowed papers show how the poor boy's infatuation had brought him to the point of losing all taste for living on.

The gipsy song says:

"Never believe the dead are dead,
While any living are alive
The dead live on, the dead live on."

They live in us through our thoughts of them. To the boy who died for love, I have given most faithful and [illegible]

And now news from Berlin that my former admirer, Baron Ollstreder, had paid up the 400,000 marks he g[illegible] of paper he imagined had been destroyed. [illegible] counted on the destruction [illegible] and solemnly [illegible] that he had never signed any [illegible] man my lawyer came close to him and whispered, showing him a glimpse of the [illegible] half-sheet.

"[illegible] extra 50,000 [illegible]"

Dinners [illegible]. We lived in an atmosphere of perpetual festivity. The papers gloated over every luxurious detail of my entertainments. You would never think they were the same journals [illegible] over the suicide of young Payen.

This from one of the Paris newspapers gives an idea of how closely the writers followed my affairs:

"Otero is deluged with correspondence from all over the world. Former lovers and those who would be lovers send revealing 'mash notes' to their idol. A Czechoslovakian [illegible] her that he has walked past her [illegible] in the Rue Fortuny a hundred times a day without daring to present himself to her. A young girl of sixteen swears her undying devotion and begs her to answer her letter 'care of General Delivery.' In another letter an urgent impresario proposes a three weeks' engagement at the Berlin Wintergarten at 50,000 francs a week, or $3,000. But Otero hesitates. It is always her freedom she considers. She would not want to be in Berlin if something were happening in Paris at the same time which she might enjoy more.

"For a time she thought of opening a bar in Paris on the Rue Vignon, which she was going to call 'Chez Elle.' Then again it might have interfered with a baccarat game. [illegible] very kind to struggling artists who appeal to her for help. One day a young painter who has since made a name for himself asked her to sit for a portrait. She graciously consented and the picture gained great success at the Salon des Independants.

"She divides her time between Paris and the South of France. No matter where she is there is always a crowd around her. She amuses her friends by inviting them formally to dinner at her home, and then sets about cooking the dinner herself. She gives them all [illegible] the servants take a hol[illegible] and wash the dishes. One of Otero's [illegible] Sorel, whom she calls [illegible]. The two friends are often together.

"A group of Americans offered to set up Otero in a beauty salon business which would use her name. When the time came for her to sign, Otero figured that the use of her name would interfere with [illegible] she tore up the contract.

"[illegible] Otero has been gathering together [illegible] for a book on gambling, part [illegible] which would have the title [illegible] but it is really [illegible] that La Belle Otero [illegible] without the [illegible] her [illegible] the Rue Fortuny to spend the proceeds in the gambling tables. She never seems to [illegible] money.

"At Juan-les-Pins [illegible] was the [illegible] Otero was one of the first to object [illegible] modesty but rather on a lack of [illegible] understanding which the bathers demonstrated. She said that she saw no beauty in the paunchy, fat-covered old men and women who tried to cause a minor scandal by appearing without clothes on the beach. Otero wrote to the Mayor of Juan-les-Pins, who took her seriously and gave orders that thereafter nude bathing was against the law. The first victim of the new law was the painter, Jean Gabriel Domergue, who was persuaded by Suzy O'Nil, the actress, to go in bathing 'au naturel' from Otero's private beach. Otero indignantly dragged him to [illegible]"

I traveled [illegible] with a train not only of admirers, but of every kind of needy hanger-on, mostly of noble birth, but bankrupt and declasse. I did not dislike this following—and it must be owned that they were often charming, these knights of the old escutcheon and the empty purse.

But the time had come when I had to leave Paris for Berlin again. I had made a fresh engagement at the Wintergarten, where I was a favorite. Thompson was to come with us. But Thompson was called away to London. I had no idea at all of sitting down to watch for his return. I preferred to turn his absence to more lively ac-

(Continued on Page 25)

Another Florida

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An Amusing Story Complete in This Issue.



On Her Feet, She Reeled in Slowly, a Few Yards at a Time, Letting the Fish Swim in Dizzying Circles and Flash Out of the Water High Into the Air.



The Room Was Crowded With Dancers and Onlookers, the Women Wearing Simple Sport Frocks and the Men Dressed as Informally as Bill.

(Continued on Page 23)



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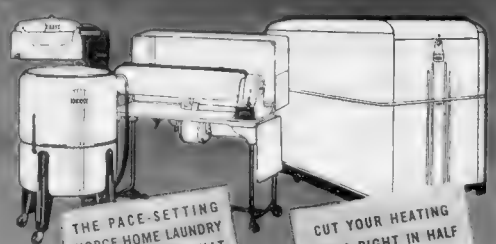
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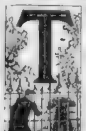
Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

While Corinne is in her hotel in Reno a chauffeur brings her a typed note signed by Carter's name asking her to come to the private car. The chauffeur and two men kidnap Corinne. One of the men, Mike, is a tough city gangster but the other, Joe, seems more rural and not unkindly disposed. They take her into the mountains.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Pair of Silk Pajamas



The chauffeur and the gangster who had [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] clude that the man known as Mike thought it best for him to go ahead, first, to see that everything was all right

Ain't no use of that," the gunman Joe called out "Didn't we talk to - you know on the phone, just before we left? He's fixed everything The Chink's got supper all ready, by now"

"I know — keep your face shut," snapped Mike Then he [illegible] to the driver: 'Switch off [illegible] lights and wait here fifteen minutes If you don't hear nothing from me by that time, come on"

Right," said the chauffeur and extinguished his lights

The other man hurried off in the darkness

They waited for some time in a depressing silence that was only intensified by the night [illegible] of the fields and foothills [illegible] cadences of frogs and crickets, and the occasional distant wail of nocturnal birds.



In a Small Fury, Corinne Doubled Up the Garments. "I might have known!" She Muttered Fiercely. "How dare he do a thing like this!"

"What is this place you are taking me to?" demanded Corinne presently.

"Now I couldn't tell you that" responded Joe, as though he welcomed a chance to talk. "But it's gonna be nice—you'll like it The Chink has got you a swell supper all fixed "

"Shut up" ordered the chauffeur sternly You heard what Mike said."

"Oh, all right," grumbled Joe, and he steadfastly refused to reply to any more questions

The driver occasionally looked at his watch by puffing hard on a cigarette When fifteen minutes had elapsed, he started his motor turned on his headlights and proceeded through the gate Then he got out and closed and locked the gate, securing it with a heavy padlock and chain whose clanking gave Corinne the shivers

They drove for five minutes or more over a well-surfaced road that led presently through a grove of juniper and pinon trees Then the dim lights of a dwelling were discernible, and the tires of the car crushed the gravel of a driveway

It was a somewhat extensive house that loomed in the darkness, but the few lights that burned had been discreetly shaded, and the chauffeur quickly put out his headlights Two dark forms waited for them one of which proved to be Mike. He opened a rear door of the car and said curtly to Joe

"All right, take her upstairs Lock her in and stay outside in the hall with your gun in your hand—and your mouth shut. There'll be another man downstairs, under your window" he added menacingly to Corinne, "and he's got orders to shoot if you try anything funny"

How pleasant everything is," said Corinne with asperity

The other man who had been waiting with Mike said something to him in a low tone of remonstrance, and Mike replied with a sneer

Well, I didn't say we were gonna hurt her, did I — unless she tried something?"

The masked man, Joe, helped her out of the car and kept hold of her arm as he escorted her into the house. They passed through what was evidently a rather extensive living-room, but the light, reflected dimly from elsewhere, was so vague that Corinne could not make out the details of its furnishings.

Joe escorted her upstairs, still holding her arm with his left hand and his pistol in his right.

There was a sha[illegible] in the room to which he took her. He switched on another light, after pulling down all shades carefully.

"Guess there ain't no harm in having plenty of light," he observed through his muffling handkerchief "Ain't nobody gonna ever look for you out here noways That there telephone," he added, pointing to the French instrument on a bedside table, "ain't workin'; so you needn't try to call up nobody"

The presence of the telephone, however, was reassuring. It meant that this place could not be so isolated as it had seemed at first.

Corinne looked at her jailer closely, but the bandanna handkerchief which he had tied over his face disclosed nothing but the fact that he was deeply tanned and that the numerous crow's-feet that radiated from the corners of his eyes gave them a keen and not unkindly expression He was dressed in a cheap suit of clothes, fairly new, such as a Nevada cowboy might have referred to as his "city clothes" Only his hat a peaked affair of a [illegible] "ten gallon" type, [illegible] that of a [illegible]

"I'm sorry [illegible] got you into this [illegible] unexpectedly [illegible] a good sort at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] get away [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] a thing [illegible]

[illegible] and there's three of 'em—three gunmen and a Chinaman They'd plug me shore if they even knowed I [illegible] like this [illegible] there ain't no way of gettin' away from here We're ninety miles from nowhere and not even a [illegible] [illegible] But ain't nothin' gonna happen to you, lady They promised me that only reason I'd have anything to do with this."

"You don't know, Joe—you don't know what they'll do," she replied anxiously. "They were lying to [illegible] things like that simply to get you to do what they wanted "

Ssh'" He raised a warning hand and stepped quickly to the door

From the hall there came the unmistakable clink of crockery

"It's Wah Ting" he [illegible] as a blue-bloused and white aproned Chinaman appeared bearing a tray of dishes and silver. "He don't speak much English so it [illegible] no good to [illegible] questions"

"Lady leady eat [illegible] Wah Ting impassively of [illegible]

"He says are you ready for your supper yet?" interpreted [illegible] like to freshen up a little first, after that trip There's a mighty nice bath room over there plenty hot an' cold runnin' water

'Thank you," said Corinne [illegible]

Wah Ting, you set the table and come back later with the grub

Wah Ting was already doing that on his own responsibility

When they both had left the room Corinne had a chance to examine its details curiously

One might expect to find such a guest [illegible] Long Island country house but never in the wilds of Nevada It was furnished not luxuriously but in admirable taste. Its Jacobean bed was spread with Belfast linen sheets and a taffeta coverlet tinted to match the walls The French telephone set on the bedside table was not the only modern touch—there was a radio cabinet in a corner

Corinne put the telephone receiver to her ear and ascertained that, as Joe had told her, the line was dead Then she crossed quickly to the radio cabinet and snapped on the switch It was only an extra speaker connected with a receiving set somewhere else in the house, but the set was working—evidently her abductors, too, were listening-in for news

The volume was turned low, but Corinne could distinguish the words of the man who was talking

[illegible] from Reno to the effect that the reports published in the newspapers this evening have no foundation in fact Mr Carter who for five years has served as Miss Lind's personal representative, declared that the film star had not been abducted, and that the sudden cancelation of her Reno engagement was merely the result of nervous strain and the fatigue incident to the constant traveling necessitated by her tour.

"To newspaper reporters, however, Mr Carter declined to say whether or not he knew the present whereabouts of the famous actress, and also offered no information as to whether the remainder of Miss Lind's tour of the United States would be canceled.

"A special edition of a Los Angeles newspaper shortly to be issued, will contain a copyrighted news-dispatch from Reno, which I relay to you now by special permission It declares that Miss Lind has, in fact, disappeared, that she has been missing since seven o'clock this evening; that the Reno police, the sheriff of Washoe County and the Nevada State Police, though they have not been approached by Mr. Carter, have been urgently requested by executives of the MKW studio in Hollywood to conduct a statewide search for Miss Lind. Further evidence that the MKW authorities do not share Mr. Carter's optimism is offered by the fact that they also have requested Federal aid in the effort to track down Miss Lind's abductors, and have employed the services of a national detective agency which already has its operatives active in the case

"Mr. Carter's insistence that nothing has happened to the screen star, the Los Angeles newspaper declares, is believed to be due to the fact that he has already been in contact with her abductors, and has been warned by them that [illegible] affair should be [illegible] police, on pain of [illegible] Miss Lind if he refus[illegible] instructions

[illegible] Mr Carter [illegible] her disappearance [illegible] ties heard nothing [illegible] ing until nearly ten o'clock Miss Lind was due to appear at the theatre at nine fifteen [illegible] following a considerable wait an announcement was made to the audience that her evening engagement had been canceled, newspaper reporters made in[illegible] Miss Lind [illegible] before seven o'clock and had not been heard from since

"An elevator operator at the hotel recalled Miss Lind's departure, in company with her chauffeur, at that hour he fixed the time by the [illegible] to get off from work [illegible] seven, and he remembered taking

(Continued on Page 20)



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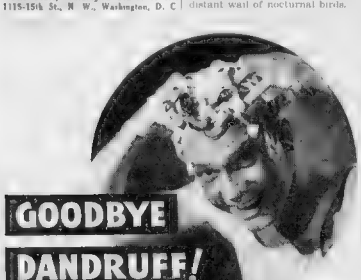
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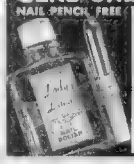
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Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do to protect your teeth.

Once you use powder you will never go back to tooth paste. Thousands are switching to Dr. Lyon's daily.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER

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Here's a challenge... Make a taste-test



3 times your money back if you don't prefer Libby's Tomato Juice!



THE FULL, midsummer goodness of ripe tomatoes fresh off the vine. We say it's really *caught* in Libby's Tomato Juice made our patented *gentle press* way. A truly incomparable flavor. And we're so certain *you* will think so that we're offering *three times your money back* if you don't agree!

But there's another reason for buying Libby's—for *always* getting it.

Tomato juices vary widely in nutritional value just as they do in flavor. Especially are they likely to vary in their content of Vitamin C. And that is *the* food factor for which doctors so frequently recommend the drinking of tomato juice by children and grown-ups.

Remember this about Libby's—the Food Council of the American Medical Association, knowing the quality of the tomatoes used and the Libby method, has accepted this brand as a *dependably excellent* source of Vitamin C.

So ask for *Libby's* when you buy tomato juice. It costs you no more than ordinary kinds.

Read the [illegible]

Buy a can of Libby's Tomato Juice. Chill it and drink a glassful. If you don't agree that it's the best you ever tasted, take the label off the can and on the back of it write your name and address, the name and address of the grocer who sold you the juice, the price you paid for it, and the reasons why you prefer some other kind.

Mail the label to Dept. AB-4, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Illinois. We will send you three times what you paid for one can. This triple-your-money-back offer expires July 15, 1937. Libby, McNeill & Libby

See your grocer's special display of this marvelous Tomato Juice

Thousands of grocers have given Libby's the taste-test and are eager to have their customers try this juice of finer flavor. Look for your own dealer's display of Libby's Tomato Juice and the amazing money-back offer



Libby's gentle press TOMATO JUICE

(Process patented U. S. 1,956,615)

THERE ARE 100 LIBBY'S FOODS, EACH THE FINEST OF ITS KIND

P P C L

(Continued from Page 18)



"It's Wah Ting," Joe Explained. "He don't speak much English, so it won't do you no good to ask him questions"



Will your scalp stand the "FINGERNAIL TEST?"



THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.



Spark Plug Change Week is Champion's annual reminder to millions of motorists that Spring is engine tune-up time. Champion dealers in your neighborhood are at your service to show you why all spark plugs, including even Champions, should be retired from active service after 10,000 miles. The habit of changing spark plugs during Change Week has grown enormously, simply because new Champions have proved in service that they re-vitalize engine performance and actually save their cost in renewed gasoline economy. See your Champion Spark Plug dealer this week. Have him check and clean your spark plugs, and replace with new Champions, if necessary. You can depend on Champion Spark Plugs

SPARK PLUG CHANGE WEEK MAY 3-9

CHECK AND CLEAN SPARK PLUGS WHEN YOU CHANGE OIL



NEW "SUPER-DUTY" FRIGIDAIRE
WITH THE METER-MISER
Saves Amazingly on Food and Operating Cost!

CHOICE OF SMART BUYERS BECAUSE IT *PROVES* COMPLETENESS IN *ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES* FOR HOME REFRIGERATION



PROOF 1

GREATER ICE-ABILITY

Ends "Cube-Struggle" and "Ice-Famine"! At last, the refrigerator that instantly releases all ice trays—*and all cubes from every tray*, with the New INSTANT CUBE-RELEASE! Also freezes more *pounds* of ice—faster . . . stores 100% more ice-cubes ready for use! Most complete ICE SERVICE ever known.



PROOF 2

GREATER STORAGE-ABILITY

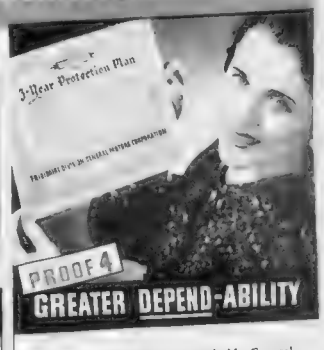
New 9-Way Adjustable Interior! Good-bye to old-fashioned crowding and dish-juggling. Now you get maximum shelf space *up in front*. And Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Cold-Storage Tray, new Super-Duty Hydrators, ALL adjust like magic to suit any size or shape of food! Most complete STORAGE SERVICE ever known.



PROOF 3

GREATER PROTECT-ABILITY

Keeps Food Safer, Fresher, Longer! Safety-Zone Cold in food compartment—*proved* by new Food-Safety Indicator with Dial on the Door, always in sight. *Plus* MOIST Cold for vegetables . . . EXTRA Cold for meats . . . FREEZING Cold for ice cream and frozen desserts. Most complete PROTECTION SERVICE ever known.



PROOF 4

GREATER DEPEND-ABILITY

Five-Year Protection Plan, backed by General Motors, on Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit. This, together with Frigidaire's Sealed Steel Cabinet, Special Sealed Insulation and Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux exterior, all adds up to the most complete DEPEND-ABILITY ever known.



. . . Only Frigidaire Has It!

Just flip the lever—and ice-cubes are *instantly* released from the tray two or a dozen, as you need them! No more splashing under a faucet! Yields 20% more ice by ending waste of melting cubes loose! *Every* ice tray in *every* "Super-Duty" Frigidaire is all-metal for fast freezing. And every one has the patented New INSTANT CUBE RELEASE. See PROOF of its quick, easy action at your nearest Frigidaire dealer's.



PROOF 5

GREATER SAVE-ABILITY

ONLY FRIGIDAIRE HAS THE *Meter-Miser*

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE



Meet the Meter-Miser! You see its lower operating cost *proved* by an electric meter *before you buy!* The Meter-Miser does Super-Duty at an amazing saving because it's the *simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built.* Only 3 moving parts, *sealing* the motor permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt—hidden away where you never see it or bother with it! Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser saves enough on food and operating cost to pay for itself, and pay you a profit besides!

Homemakers delighted by New 9-Way Adjustable Interior and Money-Saving Meter-Miser

● It's a landslide for Frigidaire! These beautiful new "refrigerated pantries" are moving by thousands into kitchens everywhere. Because women have seen PROOF that the "Super-Duty" Frigidaire is more than just a new refrigerator—it's a Complete New Service in Home Refrigeration!

Take the New 9-Way Adjustable Interior, for example. It is not just a place to jam full the old helter-skelter way. It's an amazing invention for properly storing all foods and accommodating odd-shaped packages, extra-tall bottles, bulky containers. It brings STORAGE-ABILITY never before possible in home refrigeration.

Likewise in ICE-ABILITY. Frigidaire freezes load after load of big ice-cubes in record time . . . yields them to you *instantly* with the Automatic Tray Release and the new Instant Cube-Release . . . and stores 100% more ice-cubes as a reserve against "Ice-Famine" in your home. That's an ICE SERVICE unknown in ordinary refrigerators.

And so on through ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES. Complete PROTECT-ABILITY that keeps food safer, longer—and guards health. Complete DEPEND-ABILITY and SAVE-ABILITY with Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser, the trouble-free mechanism that cuts current cost to the bone.

This completeness in ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES is SUPER-DUTY. And you enjoy its extra value without paying extra. For Frigidaire costs no more than an ordinary refrigerator!

GET THE PROOF—BUY ON PROOF

Don't be satisfied with less than ALL 5 BASIC SERVICES. And don't buy on mere claims. Demand PROOF. That's what Frigidaire gives you. The safe, sure way of learning what to look for and how to buy is this: Attend the PROOF-DEMONSTRATION of Super-Duty now going on at your nearest Frigidaire Dealer's store. See it and save money, *avoid disappointment*.

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

. . . MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Buy only on Proofs of Super-Duty

Dealer Advertisement

Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 20)



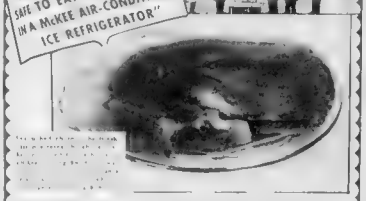
Wilbur Gaylord in the Puttees and Leather Jacket of an Aviator Draped From the Car and Ran to Cousine

(Continued on Page 24)

"Do your own thinking about Refrigeration"

UNIVERSITY TESTS PROVE McKEE AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATORS KEEP FOOD Fresher

"YOU BET!-I'M JUICY AND SAFE TO EAT-I'VE BEEN KEPT IN A McKEE AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATOR"



LIVE AIR flowing under PURE ICE KEEPS FOOD FRESHER AT 1/2 TO 2/3 LESS COST



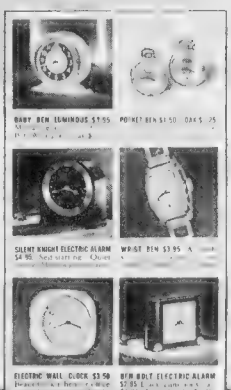
FREE

mckee AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATORS

Timely Answers TO ALL GIFT QUESTIONS



FROM Big Ben's FAMOUS FAMILY OF TIMEKEEPERS



BIG BEN LOUD ALARM NOW $2.45

BIG BEN CHIME ALARM $3.50

BABY BEN LUMINOUS $7.95

POCKET BEN $1.50 GOES 25

SILENT KNIGHT ELECTRIC ALARM $4.95

WRIST BEN $3.95

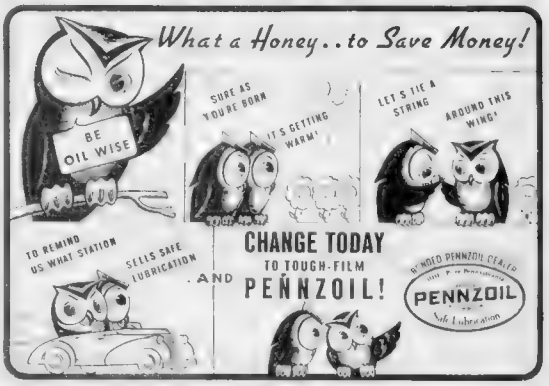
ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK $3.50

BEN BOLT ELECTRIC ALARM $7.95

ECONOMICAL GIFTS THAT ARE UP TO THE MINUTE

WESTCLOX

makers of BIG BEN and an family of clocks and watches for



Another Florida

In Which a Wealthy Young Lady Learns How the Other Half Lives.

By Elisa Bialk

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible]

cheese?" Bill offered, bringing out a thick wedge of camembert oozing at its sides with mellow [illegible]

[illegible] solemnly. I've never enjoyed a dinner so much in my life."

"You didn't want to come," he reminded her.

"But I came," she smiled.

* * *

W[illegible]

(Continued on Page 25)

NERVOUS?

Are you nervous, irritable, tense, sleep-[illegible]

[illegible] so rich in true mi[illegible] cal-[illegible] provide as much of it as [illegible] DARICAL Wafers also supply phosphorus and Vitamin D.

SPECIAL OFFER: Two boxes DAR-[illegible]

GRAY Hair

KNOGRAY [illegible] Makes any shade [illegible] from the same bottle [illegible]

KnoGRAY ENDS YOUR GRAY HAIR TROUBLES

Hair treated with KNOGRAY can not be distinguished from nature colored hair [illegible]

Madame Marguerite Turmel Inc., Dep. 32 256 West 31st Street New York N.Y.

CAMERA BOOK FREE!



We take your old camera and equipment [illegible]

CENTRAL CAMERA CO. (EST. 1899) 230 S. Wabash, Dept. AW 5, CHICAGO

Always the Same



For years good old Blue Ribbon has set the standard in [illegible] giving you full value of the utmost in malt purity, wholesomeness and quality. Blue Ribbon Malt assures you of the same high quality results [illegible]

BLUE RIBBON MALT

America's Biggest Seller

Madeleine Carroll says:

"With Luckies, my throat stays in top form"



"In Hollywood I've found a much greater 'rush' about things—longer hours and harder work—than in English picture studios. That means an added strain on my throat and has also led me to smoke more cigarettes. But I've learned what a difference a light smoke can make. I've found that although I smoke as many Luckies as I wish, my throat stays in top form. And nothing tastes so well as a Lucky in moments of relaxation."

Madeleine Carroll

STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S PRODUCTION, "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA", RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Carroll verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.



THE FINEST TOBACCOS—"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

Peggy Pinkert

(Continued from Page 2)

CHAPTER XIX.
W. G.

CINNE did not sleep in the [illegible] with the W. G.

For hours she did not sleep at all. For [illegible] she lay in a state of [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] and



Instant Relief with
CRO•PAX
FOOT AIDS
AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORES
Why Pay More, when ten cents buys high quality, tested and approved foot aids. Insist on Cro•Pax. Accept no substitute. Whatever form of treatment you prefer, you are assured satisfaction with Cro•Pax Corn Pads, Cro•Pax Liquid Corn Remover, or Cro•Pax Corn Salve—each for a dime. There is a Cro•Pax Foot Aid for every foot ailment.
Marketed Exclusively in Canada
CRO•PAX PRODUCTS - CLEVELAND, OHIO



3-IN-ONE OIL IS A BLEND OF THREE FINE OILS.
BEST FOR CARPET SWEEPERS, WASHING MACHINES, WRINGERS, HINGES, LOCKS, TOYS, ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES, SEWING MACHINES, MIXERS, LIGHT MOTORS, CLOCKS, GUNS, REELS, ETC.
3-IN-ONE OIL
LUBRICATES • CLEANS • PREVENTS RUST

FOR ITCHING SKIN
Are you suffering from an itching, burning, irritated skin? There's no need to. For 30 years Zemo has brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers. Because of its rare ingredients, Zemo usually cools, soothes and relieves the itching of Eczema, Simple Rashes, Pimples, Ringworm and similar annoying skin irritations promptly. Buy Zemo today—All druggists, 35¢, 60¢, $1.
zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS


HELP YOUR HAIR!
You can! Follow Glover's System and persevere with it.
It consists of conditioning the scalp—using Glover's Mange Medicine and systematic Massage Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. At all Druggists.
Your Barber can give you Glover's
GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

DOUBLE SAVING
For Wearers of
FALSE TEETH

Next time you need powder to hold your plates in your mouth, ask any druggist to show you a package of KLING. You get twice as much KLING for your money and you also get a better powder. Dentists recommend KLING because it holds plates firmer, sweetens the breath and does not have that pasty taste or feeling. Get the big 35 cent package of KLING and enjoy months of mouth comfort. Don't waste money on substitutes, insist on KLING.

GRAY HAIR?
The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe. To half pint of water add one ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.
Barbo imparts color instead of fading gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day
"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plates so snug they won't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, don't *waste money* on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. HART & CO., Box 2435-E, ELMIRA, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold-Digger"

(Continued from Double Page)

count, and did so in the company of a young and charming diplomatic attaché, one Gaston Botrez. One night, I had supper with him at Hiller's. The day after, a telegram arrived from Thompson, saying:

"You had supper last night with attache. If again, I leave you."

I was rather upset by this, but I hastened to send an answer, all denials and protestations. The same evening, I supped again with Botrez, but took every conceivable precaution, meeting him in a private room so as not to be recognized. Next day, another telegram:

"Told you would leave you if repeated; you have repeated."

New protestations, another supper, and next day a third telegram:

"If not leave this man, will sell up Paris establishment."

I felt quite faint at the idea that Thompson knew my every slightest movement. I was talking to my maid about it when the head waiter suddenly addressed her.

"Madame," he said, "would be less surprised if she knew that a detective dogs her steps all day. Let Madame look out of the window — there he is, on the pavement, watching the house. Do you see now, Madame? He is stationed there, ready to follow you. He questions everyone at this hotel, and he has a magic argument for loosening their tongues!"

I wrote the following letter to Thompson:

"I am very worried, my friend, and I have been passing some very unhappy days. You accuse me of so many crimes—and all the time I have committed one, and that is the crime of loving you too much. You go off to London, on the pretext of 'urgent business,' and leave me here alone in Berlin, knowing well how I hate solitude. I met an actor the other day at the Wintergarten who had just come back from London. He asked me how long you and I had been separated. It was not difficult to guess why he asked this. It is simply that he met you at the theatre—false, false friend that you are—with a woman whose name he knows.

"This youth in his simplicity came at once to the conclusion that there could be nothing between us any more. I am known to be jealous and exclusive and not disposed to share my friends. I said nothing to enlighten him, but my grief has been none the less for that. A young man invited me to supper, and I accepted, and now I get these angry telegrams. My friend, the roles are reversed; it is I who am the injured party—and you who make the threats."

As soon as it was posted, I hurried to Paris and removed everything of value from the house and went quietly away for a time. When I returned to Paris, the first person I met was Thompson, waiting for me, his good humor quite restored. He was astonished to find that the house was practically empty, and calmly requested me to replace the furniture. Not I!

"My good friend," I replied, "you have had one queer attack and you might have another. I'm not disposed for any more of these little surprises. If you wish me to restore the articles, you must sign a paper declaring that you sold them to me and that they are my property."

It was hard to persuade him, but I succeeded at last. The house took on its normal aspect, and I started again on my dinners and at homes.

Before very long, however, Thompson went to London, and for some time I heard nothing of him. His silence annoyed me—for one thing I needed the monthly allowance he made me. Then I began to feel a hostile atmosphere in the house. The owner of the house brought me his rent-book; when I told him to wait for Monsieur to come back I seemed to see a queer expression on his face. Then some of the servants grew troublesome, and finally the secret came out. Julie, the chambermaid, came abruptly into my room one morning and said:

"I've had enough of all this that's going on, Madame! I'm only a chambermaid, but I do happen to be an honest one, and I am indignant at what I see. We all know that Monsieur is not coming back, and nobody will tell Madame. It is Mademoiselle Lucie, Madame, who found some letters in your desk and sent them to Monsieur. He paid her for it and said: 'I know now all I wished to know. Say nothing to Madame: but I am going, and I shall not return.'"

I, too, knew now all I wished to know. I saw clearly what Thompson's intentions were, and I began to learn, to my cost, that "gratitude" is a word that means less than nothing. Lucie was my protegee and owed me everything.

Well, who cares? Throw it off. Sweep everyone and everything out of the house, and then try some other form of exercise!

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Another Florida *By Elisa Bialk*

(Continued from Page 23)

else: "I'll chance it. What's that funny name of the boat you went out on—the Soozy? Let's try it again."

"It's chartered," Sheila lied hastily. "I inquired about it just yesterday. It won't be available until next Thursday."

"But we're leaving on Wednesday!"

"I know. Too bad, isn't it?"

Monday evening, dining at The Patio, Clark suggested mysteriously: "We ought to leave early. I'm leaving a call for us to be awakened at five."

"At five!" Sheila gasped. "Whatever for?"

"It's our last day here so we want to make the most of it. I've planned a surprise."

The car was waiting; she saw when she looked out of her window, sleepily, early the next morning. So Clark had planned one of his long drives! Up at five to be able to cover several hundred extra miles before nightfall. Well, she told herself, wondering what was the most comfortable thing she could wear on a long drive and washing the sleep out of her eyes and her aching bones by standing under an icy shower, she might as well get used to it now. There were going to be a lot of long aimless drives about the countryside for her, whenever Clark could manage a day off. It was his means of relaxation.

But she found, in quick panic, that she had been mistaken; Clark drove over the familiar bridge connecting Palm Beach with West Palm Beach, turned north at the outskirts of town. And when they drew up to the bluff overlooking the wharf where the Soozy was docked, he told her with a pleased chuckle: "Thought you said it couldn't be chartered! I said to the captain — awfully independent young chap, isn't he?—'Look here, I don't know how much you're charging the others, but I'll pay you twice as much because I want to catch a sail before I go north.' When he found out who I was," Clark added smugly, "he was very willing to co-operate, of course."

You fool! Sheila thought angrily. Oh, you fool! Furiously, she allowed him to help her out of the car and down the bluff over which she had clambered unaided so often before, and when he warned sharply, "Look out! They sting badly," when she nearly stepped on the delicately-blue Man-O'-War lying on the sand, she answered in annoyance, "Not dead ones!" Furiously, she allowed him to help her to the small pier where the Soozy was bucking like a rocking-horse in the brisk sea, and on board. Assuming that even in his contempt of her Bill would realize that she wouldn't knowingly come deep-sea fishing wearing ridiculous white sandals and a pastel sport frock and that therefore this awkward meeting had not been of her making, she glanced covertly towards him, saw that he was standing at the wheel with stony indifference while the mate was releasing the rope fastening the Soozy to the dock.

"Good morning," she faltered, and Clark echoed in his briskly confident voice, "Good morning."

"Morning," Bill Culhane responded shortly. "You're ten minutes late."

They set out. The mate baited a rod, handed it to Sheila. She refused it with "I don't intend to fish this morning," and relaxed in her chair, pretending to be asleep.

Clark took his rod, inspected it critically. "These are by no means the best," he gave as his opinion. "If we come down next year, we'll bring our own tackle."

Without looking around, Sheila could visualize Bill's back stiffening, but the mate grinned and retorted: "The fish don't know the difference."

The sea was so choppy that the waves crashed against the rail and drenched them to the skin. Sheila shivered in her pastel linen, remembering enviously the mackintoshes she had seen hanging on a peg in the Soozy's cabin, but obstinately refusing to ask for the use of one. Finally, at a low command from Bill which he hadn't expected her to overhear, the mate brought one out for her, threw it across her shoulders.

Clark was stirring restlessly in his deck-chair, drenched and cold and impatient. "How long does it usually take them to bite?" he demanded, looking at the outrigger as if it were a stock-ticker, waiting for the clodhopin holding his line to announce a strike by dropping abruptly into the water.

"That all depends," Sheila murmured.

"I think the sea it too rough." He turned to Bill, asked suddenly: "I say, couldn't we try a spot where the water is calmer?"

Taciturnly, Bill answered, turning for a momentary glance at Sheila: "We might try your swimming pool."

An hour later, there still hadn't been a strike. "We might as well go back," Clark grumbled.

Sheila looked at him, saw how the city pallor of his face had taken on a slightly green tinge. "Sick?" she asked him, not as solicitous as she tried to be.

"Certainly not!" without assurance. "Merely bored." Then with an abrupt gesture he flung his rod to the deck as he jumped to his feet, hung his head over the rail.

"We'd better go back," Sheila commanded Bill coldly, and it seemed to her that his shoulders were shaking, and she knew it was not with cold.

* * *

THE next morning Sheila, wearing slacks and sneakers again, appeared on the dock, climbed on board without any assistance. She could hear Bill whistling in the cabin, so she went down, waited until she was at the foot of the stairs before she knocked.

"Oh, hello," he said casually, "thought you left for New York today."

"No. I stayed." And she looked down at her engagement finger to indicate that her ring had gone back with Clark Gallishaw.

Bill pretended not to have seen. He went on whistling. Sheila sniffed: "Fish stew . . . Were you expecting company?"

He nodded, still whistling.

"I see," she said in a small voice. "Perhaps I'd better go then, before the company comes."

"It's here," Bill grinned.

"It's here to stay!" Sheila wanted to tell him, but she didn't get a chance. Not then.

The End.

Married 8 years— he still wants to KISS HER good night



Married eight years . . . but for them none of that humdrum, take-it-for-granted attitude that creeps into so many marriages. He still wants to kiss her good night. Clever woman . . . she has always known the secret of keeping dainty and fresh in all things . . . the breath particularly. After all, there's nothing like halitosis (bad breath) to raise a barrier between people.

Don't Offend Others

Your breath may be agreeable today and offensive tomorrow. The food you eat, the things you drink, the hours you keep—all bring subtle changes that may result in halitosis (bad breath). Consequently, you must ever be on guard lest you offend.

Fortunately, halitosis often yields quickly to Listerine Antiseptic used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Almost at once, this remarkable deodorant cleanses, sweetens, and freshens the mouth. At the same time, it halts fermentation of tiny food particles—the major cause of mouth odors. Then overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine Antiseptic before business and social engagements.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

Requested Recipes

Cheese Sticks.

MIX and sift 1 cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Work in ¼ cup butter and moisten with ¼ cup ice water. Roll out about ¼-inch thick. Spread one-half with ⅛ cup grated American cheese. Press edges firmly together. Fold again and roll out ¼-inch thick. Sprinkle with ⅛ cup grated American cheese and proceed as before. Cut out with small hatchet cutter and bake in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, for about 8 minutes.

Cheese Popovers.

SCALD 1 cup milk with 1 tablespoon butter. Just as it reaches boiling-point beat in 1 cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating vigorously after each addition. Add ½ cup grated cheese. Mix lightly. Turn into greased popover cups, having them not more than ⅔ full and bake in a quick oven, or at about 450 degrees.

Chocolate Cream Pie.

COOK 2 squares baking chocolate with 1½ cups milk in top of double-boiler over hot water until smooth. Mix 1 cup sugar, ⅓ cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt with ½ cup cold milk and combine with milk and chocolate mixture. Stir constantly until thick and smooth. Pour slowly over 2 beaten eggs. Return to double-boiler and stir constantly until thick. Cool and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Turn into a baked pie crust, cool and cover with ½ cup cream, beaten until stiff and sweetened and flavored to taste.

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Woodbury's Facial Soap
CONTAINS "FILTERED SUNSHINE" VITAMIN D

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Menu Possibilities for May

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MAY enlarges menu possibilities because several important vegetables and fruits are at the peak of their season in this month. Asparagus, radishes, sorrel, spinach and dandelion greens, and pineapples and strawberries among the fruits, are inexpensive and delicious choices for the food shopping list.

It may be noted, too, that as a group, all of these May specials are packed full of health-giving acids and tonic qualities. It seems as if Old Nature, in her wisdom, provided these special qualities of pep and tangy taste just when the system most needed them. The bitter or sub-acid flavor of the dandelion, rhubarb and other Spring greens, is particularly relished as a change. Indeed, it is these same natural "bitters" which are often made the basis of the patent tonic sold in the drug-store.

The stout stalks of rhubarb, known as "pie-plant" to the older generation of housekeepers, are packed with oxalic acid, one of the sharpest Spring tonics of all. It is this refreshing tang in rhubarb which is so welcome after the flatter-tasting foods of Winter.

It is best to pour boiling water over the cut sections and allow it to stand five minutes. Then pour off, and cook at the lowest heat in order not to break the shape. An electric casserole at low heat is ideal for stewing of fruit. Do not add sugar until just before removing from heat, then sprinkle lightly with cinnamon, as added flavor.

Rhubarb is good not only as a table sauce, or as pie filling, but is unusual when made into a gelatin or used as the fruit in making ice-box desserts or cake. Those who like home-made conserves and marmalades should by all means make up some rhubarb preserve, which is one of the most piquant relishes to serve with cold meats.

Asparagus, now one of the largest of all vegetable crops, was not appreciated until within the century, although it had been favored by the epicurean Romans who grew it along the sunny, sandy shores of the Mediterranean. We now value asparagus for its salts, also its vitamins, which are particularly stored in the tips.

Related to the onion family, asparagus also has a strong odor of sulphur, again one of the most cleansing of all Spring tonics. Hence, any method of cooking asparagus should conserve these salts to the utmost. Steaming is the best method and if one does not possess a special vegetable steamer, one may be easily improvised by lowering into a kettle of water and rack or perforated disc.

Never cover asparagus while cooking, but uncover and let its volatile oils escape, and thus keep the vegetable green. However, asparagus cooked in parchment cooking paper retains all these valuable food flavors and salts. Never cook stalks until they are mushy.

To select asparagus which is most fresh, take up the bunch and examine the lower or cut ends; if these are dried out, hard or dark, the bunch is old. The cut stalks should seem fresh and tender.

Asparagus is adaptable not only to usage as a vegetable or side-dish to meat, but readily combines with cheese and cream sauce, or with eggs, to make a substantial main dish. Try baked asparagus with cheese as a Spring luncheon special.

In every case, reserve the cooking water or liquor, and use for soup, either plain with a little rice, or noodles, or combined with milk into a milk soup. One of the greatest "sins" in cooking is to throw down the sink the health-giving liquid in which green vegetables are cooked.

Dandelion greens held a high place in the menus of the old farm family, and rightly so, because the green or even white inner leaf of dandelion is just full of lime, iron and the whole packet of food minerals. It has been found that the craving for green stuffs, so common in the Spring, is the natural consequence of lime-starvation imposed by the average Winter diet. And dandelions have lime and iron, and that is what gives them their special flavor.

An old recipe for dandelions serves them much like a hot slaw, combined with bacon, vinegar and egg. It is a good dish and worth adding to our more sophisticated meals. Dandelion soup is another old favorite, while the inner heart leaves may be added to any salad. Use like chickory or endive, with a sparing lemon dressing.

For the family that likes cordials and delicate vintages, dandelion wine is as rare and choice today as it was considered in the time of the early Colonists. Recipes for dandelion wine are included in most of the old cook-books.

Sorrel, another green leaf of Spring, like rhubarb contains oxalic acid but to a less extent. Its mild sourness is pleasant both in salads and in soups. The delicate leaf does not stand cooking well, but when added to cream mixtures the flavor is like that of a sub-acid tomato, or mild lemon.

Radishes, cress, green onions, chicory, etc., are all linked together by the pungent quality of their flavors. That is why they are so appetizing when blended in a fresh green-leaf salad, tossed together lightly with a simple dressing and used as an accessory to any meal.

Both strawberries and pineapple could be selected as "Queen of the May," because each is at the height of its season in abundance, perfection and economy. The strawberry is often considered one of the finest berries, because of its flavor, large size and colorful pulp. And here too we find packed rich stores of food lime and food iron, both responsible for the sharp but pleasing tang of the strawberry flavor.

The strawberry contains both citric acid, found in lemons, and malic acid, found in apples. That is the reason why the strawberry is so wholesome, so cleansing, and should be used plentifully. And there are ways enough in which to serve and feature strawberries, for they are suitable in salads, in desserts, as sauces, and as rich flavoring to other foods and beverages. Owing to this same tart quality, the strawberry blends with such blander fruits as the banana, or in dishes made with cornstarch, rice, tapioca, and of course all the shortcakes or biscuit family.

For richest flavor, never touch strawberries with a steel knife, but always a silver one, as the steel taints the true berry flavor. After hulling, lightly sprinkle with sugar and set in a warm place, not the refrigerator, in order to draw out the juices. Save green or inferior berries for stewing or for making some of the unusual conserves or jams.

The pineapple reaches temperate latitudes at its best in May. Here again is a fruit filled with a pepsin or digestive substance. That is why it is suggested by experts that the pineapple should always be eaten at the end of a meal, and preferably a meal containing meat, since this pineapple pepsin acts only on proteins. Several other tropic fruits have a similar ingredient, notably the papaya melon, whose seeds and juices will actually digest raw meat.

To test if the pineapple is ripe, pull out one of the inner leaves of the brush. It should come out readily, if the pineapple is ripe.

How shall we serve pineapple? In addition to paring the whole fruit and then slicing across in thin sections, here are a couple of other suggestions: Cut entire pineapple in half, lengthwise, through the brush as well. Carefully scoop out the entire pulp, leaving two shells. Dice pulp small and return to shell, lightly dusted with powdered sugar. Or, combine cut pineapple with other fruits in a fruit salad mixture and repack into shells.

A still more glamourous idea is to fill the shells with ice cream, and garnish with cherries. In tropical countries, a favorite way of serving is to dig into the whole fruit, around each eye, cutting a cone-shaped wedge, which is left in the pineapple. This leaves the fruit solid, with easily removed sections, which may be pulled out and dipped in powdered sugar.

It is well to remember that in using fresh pineapple with any gelatin mixture, the pineapple must first be scalded or heated in order to combine with the gelatin, and solidify.

Pineapples are refreshing in drinks or sauces. Some housewives make a practice of boiling up pineapples for the juice or syrup, and keeping a supply on hand for beverage-making. The parings and core, useless in other dishes, may be utilized for syrups. The West Indians cover the parings with water and allow to stand several hours. Then they pour off this water, chill it, and add charged water just before serving over cracked ice. The result is a very pleasing, delicately flavored pineapple drink.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3647—A PRINCESS FROCK BRINGS "BACK INTEREST" TO THE FORE! WEAR IT MORNINGS OR AFTERNOONS AT HOME. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3573 — LOOKING SLENDER'S AN EASY FASHION-TRICK WHEN YOU DON THIS FLATTERING PANEL FROCK. IDEAL IN COTTON. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅞ yard ruffling.

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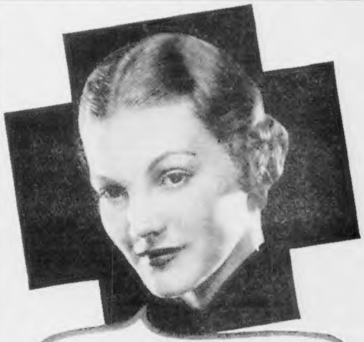


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If your bust is	If your waist is	If your hips are	You take size
32	25-26	35-36	32
34	27-28	37-38	34
36	29-30	39-40	36
38	31-32	41-42	38
40	33-34	43-44	40
42	35-37	45-46	42
44	38-40	47-50	44

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CUTICURA SOAP

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Planning Easy Party Refreshments

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

HOSPITALITY, the generous sharing of one's home with friends and the gracious art of entertaining others, has always included the sharing of one's culinary masterpieces with guests. Our mothers and grandmothers knew how to prepare and to serve attractive and appropriate native refreshments for every occasion.

Today, the young housekeeper is confronted with the problem of serving delicious and beautiful party dishes on a very restricted budget and in a kitchen no larger than the pan cupboard that used to intrigue her mother and grandmother. There are some compensations in the small working space of the kitchen. She has to learn to be systematic and orderly if the work is to be done at all. Very quickly she learns that it is wise to write out a plan for her work, especially when preparing to give any party menu. I asked one charming and successful young kitchenette housekeeper to give me a few rules that had been of real help to her, to pass on to our readers. In her own words they are:

Serve simple foods if you want your parties to be smart. A few well-cooked and well-served dishes are in much better taste than an array of rich or highly seasoned foods that are not well-cooked and well-served. Plan combinations that harmonize in color and in flavor. Do not serve many courses. Use only tested recipes or recipes that you know are reliable. A day or two before your party, or as soon as your menu has been determined, make a list of all food supplies needed. Take your list to the market with you and check off the articles as they are bought. Buy standard grades, since there is no economy in buying inferior quality. Try to be as "forehanded" as possible in getting dishes, silver and linen ready; arranging tables, decorations, etc. This will leave time for enjoying guests and for the last minute touches that add distinction to any meal.

Anchovy Butter
(For Canapes, Sandwiches, Etc.).

BEAT 4 hard-cooked egg yolks until smooth with 4 boned anchovies and ½ cup butter and add paprika to taste.

Liver Sandwich Filling
(For Canapes, Sandwiches, Etc.).

MIX ¼ cup chopped broiled and drained bacon, ½ cup finely-chopped or pounded cooked liver (chicken, calf or pork), salt and pepper to taste and ¼ cup thick cream. Spread between thin slices of graham or white bread, use as spread for canapes or as a substitute for pate de foie gras.

Smothered Chicken
(Delaware Style).

CUT chicken in pieces for serving. Season with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Place the chicken in a small baking pan and add a very little water. Cook slowly for 1 hour, basting frequently with the liquid in the pan. Keep cover on except when basting, to prevent evaporation. Remove chicken to hot serving dish. Add water to make 2 cups of liquid in pan and thicken with 2 tablespoons flour. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Season, as desired, with salt and pepper, and pour over the chicken. Add cooked mushrooms, if desired.

Bouchees (By Request).

HAVE ready small pastry shells, made at home or bought from good bakery. Fill them with well-seasoned chicken, sweetbreads, mushrooms or fish. Garnish with crisp sprigs of watercress or parsley.

Rissoles.

ROLL puff paste very thin. Cut in circles about the size of a small saucer. Place a teaspoon of highly-seasoned chicken, ham, sweetbreads or other meat moistened with a little white sauce in the center of each circle. Moisten half the edge of each circle with ice-water. Fold the other half over, pressing edges together. Dip in slightly-beaten egg diluted with 1 tablespoon water. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper. Serve immediately.

Delicious Sweetbreads.

PARBOIL 2 pairs sweetbreads in salted water to which a little vinegar has been added. Drain and rinse. Chill. Remove membranes. Cut in small pieces. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 cup cream and 1 cup milk or chicken stock and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add sweetbreads. Turn into rectangular glass baking dish. Cover with tiny rounds cut from rich baking-powder biscuit dough (to which 1 teaspoon paprika was added with the baking-powder). Bake in a rather quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, until biscuits are browned. Garnish with cress and serve immediately.

Corn Fritters.

TO 2 cups grated corn add 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon melted butter, ½ cup milk and 1 pint flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Drop from tip of spoon into hot deep fat. Drain on unglazed paper.

Frozen Fruit Salad
(By Request).

BEAT 1 cup cream until stiff, fold in ½ cup sugar, ½ cup salad dressing, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¾ cup banana pulp, ½ cup orange pulp, ½ cup peach pulp or strained strawberry pulp and ½ cup sliced canned cherries or skinned and seeded grapes. Turn into tray of mechanical refrigerator or pack in ice and salt, using 3 parts ice to 1 part salt, and freeze. Serve with whipped cream fruit salad dressing. This is a delicious dish for warm weather parties.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit, Whole Grain Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Potato Pancakes, Coffee.	Grapejuice, Cereal, Poached Eggs, "Bacongized" Muffins, Coffee.	Green Apple Sauce, Cereal, Broiled Sausage Cakes, Tomato Pancakes, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Blueberry Graham Muffins, Milk or Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread, Marmalade, Coffee.	Prunes, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Coddled Egg, Fruit Popovers, Coffee Substitute.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Cherry or Tomato Cocktail with Calavo, Canapes, Jellied Cheese Loaf, String-Beans with Basil, Ice-Box Rolls, Radish Salad, Date Bars, Tea.	Rice Croquettes, Celery and Apple Salad, Sally Lunn or French Rolls, Cup Custards, Tea.	Cheese and Eggplant Souffle, Beet Pickles, Ice-Box Rolls, Fruit Salad, Tea.	Emergency Soup, Grapefruit and Shrimp Salad, Popovers, Chocolate Waffles with Chocolate Sauce, Coffee.	Cream of Corn Chowder, Crackers, Delicious Green Vegetable Salad in Lemon Jelly, Chives Biscuits, Hot Strawberry Puffs with Strawberry Sauce.	Fish Cakes with Stewed Tomatoes, Baked Squash, New York Style Shredded Green Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Tapioca.	Canned Clam Bouillon with Whipped Cream, Baked Chicken with Bread Stuffing, Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Green Peas, Currant Jelly, Romaine Artichoke Heart Salad, Strawberry Surprise, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
New Orleans Bisque, Veal Birds, Riced Potatoes, Spiced Beets, Grapefruit Salad, Coffee Substitute.	Spanish Steak, Buttered Okra, Baked Squash, Red Cabbage Salad in Green Pepper Shells, Pineapple Trifle.	Crown Roast of Weiners or Lamb, Potato Balls, Steamed Spinach or Baked Cauliflower, Mixed Green Salad with Fresh Mint Dressing, Lemon Ice Cream, Tiny Cup Cakes.	Mint Frappe Cocktail, Ham Loaf with Spaghetti, Tomato and Raw Cauliflower Salad with Salad Dressing, Lemon Bavarian Crumb Pie.	Buttered Baked Fish (Any good market value), Lemon Butter, Buttered Carrots with Green Peas, Cucumber Salad, Mystery Blancmange.	Fruit Cocktail, Broiled Tripe, Shoe-String Potatoes, Iceberg Lettuce with Tomatoes, Russian Dressing, Banana Ice Cream, Lace Cookies.	Emergency Vegetable Salad, Liverwurst Sandwiches, Fruit Frappe, Hot Cup Cakes.

BETTY'S GOT A DATE — WONDER HOW SHE DID IT!

A CATTY Remark that Betty overheard and THEN—

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"Maids of Honor"

And How to Make Them

"MAIDS OF HONOR" are small lemon cheese cakes. Richmond, near London, claims this particular dainty as its specialty. This is what the village gossips have to say about them: Way back in the mystic part of the fifteenth century some ingenious Richmond housewife concocted a wonderful recipe for making sweetened cheese cakes, and, thrifty housewife that she was, locked it in a strong box against the onslaughts of borrowing neighbors.

With almost anything else you could guess: "One of butter, two of sugar, three of flour and four of eggs," or something of the sort, and produce a creditable imitation—but with Maids of Honor its different. Chemists have tried to analyze them, astrologists to cast their horoscopes, but one can do nothing of the sort. They defy detection; indeed, you don't really taste any cheese in them at all, and they seem to appear for the primest sensible purpose only of quickly disappearing under the motto: To Be Eaten.

One fine day Mistress Anne Boleyn found herself heiress to this precious recipe. That was when she was at the Court of Henry VIII, then on his progress through Reading. In those days kings had a way of happening around when least expected, and so when Mistress Boleyn and her honorable companions were feasting from her admirable baking, whiling away the time that "The King was in his counting house, counting out his money; the Queen was in her pantry eating bread and honey," with nothing else to do, the little company found Bluff King Hal in their midst roaring out "What have we here?"

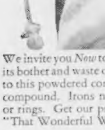
Before they could answer him or hide away the feast, the Majesty of England sat him down, and, as the old chronicle has it, devoured "fourteen gode cakes withouten compunction," much to the sorrow of the hungry maids of honor, who found little consolation in his approbation. So good did they taste that he begged to know the name of the delicious cakes.

"Your Majesty, they haven't any," Mistress Boleyn was forced to confess.

"Then," cried the King, "since no name have they I shall stand sponsor to them; let them be called 'Maids of Honor' hereafter, so sweet are they"—after which pretty compliment in payment for his feast, he strolled out into his garden. Naturally, the cakes immediately became the talk of the Court, and, years after, the recipe found its way back to "Richmonde Towne."

To make the Maids of Honor: Warm 1 pint milk to lukewarm, add 1 dessert spoon of rennet and let stand until curd has formed. Put it in a coarse cloth on a sieve and drain overnight. Next day press the curd slightly and turn it into a bowl. To it add 2 egg yolks, 4 tablespoons whipped cream, 2 ounces sugar, a pinch of cinnamon, a pinch of grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons currants, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped blanched almonds and 2 tablespoons brandy. Mix well. Line small muffin pans with thinly-rolled rich pastry. Fill the pastry lined pans with the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

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We invite you *Now* to turn away from solid starch, its bother and waste of time and strength. Change to this powdered complete starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, you get no spots or rings. Get our proof packet . . . just write for "That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch".

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● There's extra protection, extra nourishment in every spoonful of Libby's Baby Foods!

● It's because Libby's special process does something the most careful straining, the finest sieving can never do. It breaks up the thousands of tough-walled food cells in baby's vegetables, fruits, cereal and soup—so all the nourishment they contain is released for easy digestion.

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● Libby's Baby Foods actually digest far more easily than the *finest* strained foods—so easily that many doctors are recommending them as early as three months to give baby extra minerals and vitamins for growth and development.

● See your doctor regularly about your baby's diet—and get Libby's *double-safe* Baby Foods from your grocer.

THREE FOODS IN EVERY LIBBY TIN

Special combinations of Baby Foods! This new idea of Libby's means a more varied diet for babies every day. Each Libby tin contains three separate foods all blended together—*instead of only one.* Each tin supplies a better balance of minerals and vitamins than single foods! There are six of these special Libby combinations ready to warm and serve. Ask for them by number:

No. 1 Peas, beets, asparagus tips
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No. 3 Carrots, spinach, peas
No. 4 Cereal combinations—whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal
No. 5 Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
No. 6 Soup — vegetables, chicken livers, barley

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